HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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PUBLISHERS' CARD.

Mr. Thackeray's new Story, "The Virginians," with many humorous illustrations by the author, was commenced in the December number of *Harper's Magazine*. It is printed from early sheets, received from the author in advance of publication in England; for which the Publishers pay Mr. Thackeray the sum of $2000.

☞ With the full knowledge of this arrangement, the proprietors of the *New York Tribune*, who have been leading advocates of an international Copyright Law, and profess the warmest regard for the interests of British authors in this country, have begun

☞ AND CONTINUE ☜

TO COPY THIS STORY FROM OUR MAGAZINE

into their paper, *though without the author's admirable illustrations*. The same parties, under the same circumstances, reprinted upon us Mr. Dickens's "Little Dorrit," for which we paid the author Two Thousand Dollars.

No American publisher can afford to give two thousand dollars for early sheets of a foreign work which is instantly reprinted upon him by a rival in business.

The course of the *Tribune* is, therefore, decidedly calculated to deprive the British author of the only compensation he can get, in the present state of the law.

STEPHEN H. TYNG, D.D.

Dr. Tyng was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, March 1, 1800, and, consequently, at the present time is fifty-eight years of age. But although verging to threescore years, he manifests all the vigorous activity of early manhood. Notwithstanding his long and arduous labors for more than thirty-five years—labors paralleled by the records of few other ministries—his age seems to sit lightly upon him.

His father was the Hon. Dudley Atkins Tyng, who attained distinction in the legal profession. His mother was a daughter of the Hon. Stephen Higgonson, whose name he bears.

His college course was pursued at Harvard, where he graduated in 1817. He was engaged in mercantile pursuits until 1819, when he commenced the study of theology. We believe that a part of his theological studies was pursued at Andover, but he subsequently studied with Bishop Griswold, at Bristol, Rhode Island.

Commencing his ministry under such auspices, Dr. Tyng has manifested through the period of his public career his fidelity to the impulses and convictions of those early years. He was ordained a deacon of the Protestant Episcopal Church on the 4th of March, 1821. He was first settled as a pastor at Georgetown, District of Columbia, in 1823. After remaining there two years, he accepted an invitation to a wider field which was opened to him in Queen Anne Parish, Prince George's County, Maryland.

In the year 1829 he was invited to become the rector of St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia. Here he soon became highly popular as a preacher, while his success as a pastor was very marked. No church in the city had ever before exhibited such thronged audiences as pressed to listen to the words of the eloquent and still youthful pastor. In 1832 he had the degree of Doctor of Divinity conferred on him by Jefferson College, and in 1833 he became rector of the Church of Epiphany in Philadelphia. Up to the spring of 1845 Philadelphia continued to be the scene of his labors. In that year he removed to New York, to occupy the pulpit of the lamented Milnor, as rector of the Church of St. George. The location of the church in the lower part of the city was unfavorable to its extended growth or usefulness, and, mainly through the influence of Dr. Tyng, measures were taken for the erection of the present large and elegant edifice occupied by the congregation on Stuyvesant Square. This enterprise has been crowned by the most complete success. An edifice has been erected whose entire cost is not far from $325,000, the most, if not the whole, of which has been paid, leaving still a fund, derived from property originally given to the Parish of Trinity, amounting to $100,000. The income from the pew rents is nearly $11,000, and from the endowment nearly $6000, thus making the yearly proceeds available for the use of the church over $16,000.

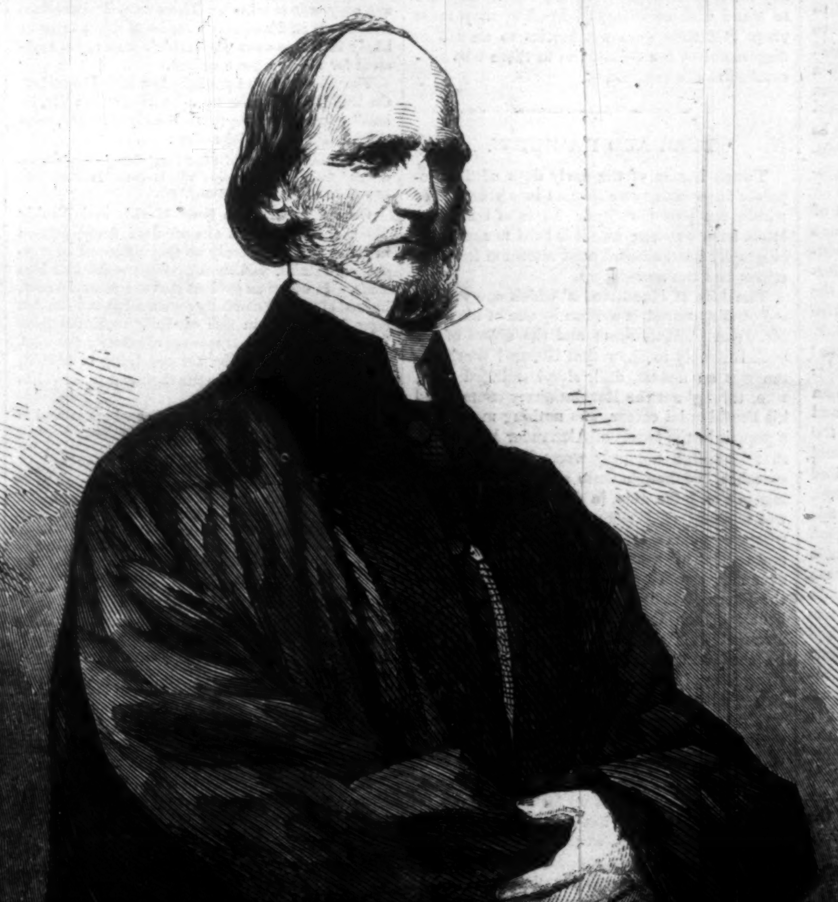
Dr. Tyng's congregation is large, intelligent, and respectable. Drawn together as it has been by his individual attraction, its members are strongly attached to their pastor. Not a few are warmly enthusiastic in his favor, and a large number, from other denominations, might be called Tyngites rather than Episcopalians. Dr. Tyng is avowedly "Low Church," proclaiming at times, in an almost vaunting style, his independence of the rituals of his Church as a necessity in preaching the Gospel with power and effect to the salvation of souls, while expressing also his admiration and love for its excellent Liturgy. The *Bible*, and not the *Prayer-book*, is his guide and his rule of faith and doctrine. He cheerfully co-operates with other Christian denominations in supporting the great catholic and Christian institutions of the Church. It is rarely that any Anniversary season passes which does not witness his public advocacy of some one of them. Indeed, as regularly as their return we look for his appearance on the platform, not merely as a patron, but an advocate. In the latter character few men show themselves more capable, or are more sure of a welcome greeting. Possessed of a voice whose clear and ringing tones may be distinctly heard to the remotest corner of the largest building, he utters his words with a clearness and precision truly characteristic. If his thought is not profound it is sensible, and always vivid or striking. As you hear him, the last suggestion in regard to his connection or antecedents that would meet your sanction would be that of the man of gown and bands. One would imagine that he was almost converted to Methodism; that his spirit, overflowing with a genial appreciation of all Christian excellence, might readily be won over by the arguments of some opportune Wesley. And yet nothing could be farther from the truth. The rector of St. George leaning over—till it seems next to impossible for him to stand at all—to catch the hand of some good Congregationalist or Dutch Reformed brother, is the rector of St. George's still, and, like the leaning tower of Pisa, with all his inclination, is not in the remotest danger of losing his poise.

It has been our good fortune to hear him on a variety of occasions—in his pulpit, on the platform, and as a participant in discussions of public interest. But every where he retained his perfect individuality without the chance of a mistake. We have heard him eulogize Whitfield, and Wesley, and Joseph John Gurney, in his own pulpit; repudiate all sympathy with Papacy on the platform; and discuss matters of religious policy with leaders proud of the title of Independents. But throughout the whole, we could not escape the conviction that Dr. Tyng was the speaker; and when we considered his arguments as distinctly impressed upon the memory, we saw them stamped with the individuality of their source. "If," said he, on one occasion, "if I am to acknowledge any *man's* infallibility, it shall be the man that dwells in here"—pointing with emphatic gesture to his own heart. We felt quite confident that if called upon to cast his vote for a Pontiff, it would be for Stephen I. rather than Stephen X.

Dr. Tyng is possessed of a wonderful command of language. We have heard him on occasions where his words were evidently unpremeditated, and yet each of them took its fitting place, and as paragraph after paragraph rolled on, its movements were as precise, if not as ponderous, as the measured, stately tread of marshaled ranks. There was no faltering, no sign of hesitation, no doubtful utterance. You might perhaps question whether, in a perfectly cool moment, he would make affidavit to all the positions taken on the spur of the occasion, but as to the positions themselves there could be no mistake. They were not wrapped up in fogs and vapors. They were not evolved from implications and allusions. They stood forth in the clear outline of distinct and emphatic utterance.

Dr. Tyng is devoted to his flock as a faithful pastor. The only luxury that he seems fond of indulging in, outside of parochial duty, is the platform luxury, and that is perfectly excusable as a somewhat professional one. The impulse of his energy is felt through every department of the interests of his congregation. His Sabbath School numbers over 1400 pupils, and much mission labor is performed in connection with the church. Few clergymen in this metropolis perform so much laborious service, and few exert themselves to so much effect as Dr. Tyng. His published writings, we believe, have been mostly the fruits of preparation for the pulpit. Among them are the following: "The Israel of God," "Lectures on the Law and Gospel," "Christ is All," "The Rich Kinsman"—a work republished in England—"Life of Dr. Bedell," and "Recollections of England." He is, moreover, a somewhat liberal contributor to the pages of the *Protestant Churchman*, while many occasional pamphlets have proceeded from his pen. The cause of moral reform generally possesses few more earnest advocates, and no man is more ready to give utterance to his convictions in its favor.

In every sphere which he is called to occupy Dr. Tyng is a man of energetic purpose. He knows precisely the point to be gained, and the means necessary to attain it. The moment of action follows that of conviction without an appreciable interval.—Nothing in his case is ever lost by indecision. He may be, indeed, sometimes too impulsive. He may say things that sound rash and altogether too severe. But he means



REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG, D.D.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

them, and even in cooler moments would scarcely flinch from the reassertion. There is no pause or delay to give opportunity for doubts and fears and scruples to intrude. His temperament gives plain indication of his incessant activity. The greatest hardship to which he could be subjected would, we apprehend, be a forced indolence. As a necessary result, he achieves much. The sum total of his efforts foots up well. Few men in a similar sphere would ever have been able to accomplish so much.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1858.

OUR ARMY IN UTAH.

SENATOR DAVIS, of Mississippi, has reported a bill to the Senate, in accordance with the suggestion of the Secretary of War, for the increase of the army. However plausible the grounds are on which this addition to the military force of the country is proposed, it is not likely that it can be carried into effect without a severe struggle.

The sense of the people of the United States is decidedly adverse to any measure which tends toward or looks like the establishment of a standing army. People regard the twelve or fourteen thousand men now enrolled—the available force is considerably less than this—as a sort of civil police to be employed to do duty on the Indian frontier; and therefore no one takes umbrage at them. But many persons in and out of Congress are likely to consider them numerous enough for their specific purpose, and to oppose any increase to the army as a mischievous precedent.

Army proper, in the sense the word is used in Europe, we evidently have none; and it has always been the policy of our Government to have none. What wars this country may have the misfortune to engage in can not be waged by our regular army. Our twelve or fourteen thousand men are barely sufficient to garrison a single important point. If we go to war hereafter with foreign nations, the fighting must be done—as it was in our former wars—by volunteers, leavened with a due admixture of regulars.

There is a strong feeling, both in and out of Washington, in favor of placing this Mormon affair—so far as the military question is concerned—on precisely the same footing as a foreign war, and conducting the contest with the aid of volunteers. It is estimated that, with the reinforcements now under orders for Utah, the force under Colonel Johnston's command next summer will not be much over 3200 effective men. This force is considerably less than that which the Mormons can muster; and though there is no reason to suppose that the rabble under the orders of Brigham Young could contend successfully for any length of time against three thousand United States troops, properly disciplined and judiciously commanded, still it would be a grievous error on the part of the War Department to tempt the Mormons to resist by opposing to them a force inadequate to control them at once. Now there is no doubt that three or four thousand effective volunteers could be raised in a few days on the Mississippi and in California. From the latter State alone it is understood that the Department has received offers of five thousand men on the shortest notice. Less than this number—added to the regulars—would amply suffice, provided the volunteers were officered by men of experience, and say one half of them mounted. Part might be raised on the Mississippi, and proceed with the first of the spring across the plains; the balance setting out, at the same time, from California.

It is likely that some such plan as this will commend itself to the favor of Congress, rather than the proposed addition to the standing strength of the army. Volunteers can be sent home when the fighting is over, and they can resume their occupations as creators of wealth; but regular soldiers are not easily disbanded, nor the Treasury easily relieved of the cost of maintaining them.

THE NEW INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

SPEAKER ORR has appointed the following gentlemen members of an investigating committee to inquire into the alleged bribery of Congress by Messrs. Lawrence, Stone, & Co., of Boston—Messrs. Stanton of Ohio, Moore of Alabama, Purviance of Pennsylvania, Wright of Georgia, and Russell of New York. Pretty general satisfaction is felt with the composition of this committee; all the members are working men, and some of them are known to be able and conscientious.

The fact which they have before them is very simple. The report of the manufacturing company of which Lawrence, Stone, & Co. were agents, debits the Company with an item of $87,000 for expenses attending the passage of an act to modify the tariff in the interest of said Company. Is this entry in the Company's books correct? If so, who got the money?

The general impression, based upon the results of the Congressional corruption of last session, and upon general rumor with regard to the complexion of the rank and file of Congress, is in favor of the accuracy of the entry in the books of the Middlesex Company. It is generally believed that many members of Congress may be swayed by corrupt considerations. It is not believed that the three members who, last session, were convicted of having taken bribes and were most justly punished by expulsion, were the only black sheep in that large and motley flock. On the contrary, an idea is prevalent that they were scape-goats for a multitude of sinners; and that another razzia among the members may result in a further purification of the House, and more expulsions of knaves. Now these notions are either just or unjust. If they are just, it behooves the Committee to proceed with its work with rigor and dispatch, lest the knaves aforesaid should work more roguery this session; if they are unjust, the duty of vindicating Congress from ungrounded aspersions is equally peremptory. Whichever side of the question be the true one the function of the Committee is equally important, and should be discharged with the same alacrity.

One word in reference to the witnesses of this alleged corruption. We notice in some of the papers complimentary allusions to Lawrence, Stone, & Co., and graceful eulogiums upon the high character of at least one member of that firm. This strikes unbiased observers as odd, to say the least. According to their own confession—whether true or false—this firm lowered the character of Congress, and corrupted the members of the national legislature, in order to advance the private interests of the corporation with which they were connected. This appears, at first blush, to be any thing but a high-minded or honorable proceeding. The previous character of the members of the firm may have been any thing their friends please; but if they are to stand well as citizens hereafter, they must prove that they were not parties to an act as disgraceful to the tempter as to those who succumbed to the temptation.

BURR AND HAMILTON.

THESE heroes of the early days of the Republic have once more loomed into prominence within the past few days. Lives of both have lately been written; and it is hard to say which biography has attracted most attention from the critics and the newspapers.

The Life of Hamilton, of which one volume only has appeared, is written by one of his sons, Mr. John C. Hamilton; and the object of the book is simply to show that General Washington was an honest, dull, simple-minded man, who, throughout the Revolutionary contest and his Presidential career, was nothing more than a puppet in the hands of Alexander Hamilton; that Hamilton not only wrote his letters and speeches, but thought them as well; that Washington's only function, in fact, in public affairs, was to sign "G. Washington" at the bottom of whatever papers Hamilton chose to compose, and to give his sanction and authority to whatever measures Hamilton—who was, like Louis the Fourteenth, "the State"—chose to take on behalf of the Commander-in-Chief and the President. This ingenious theory rests, it must be confessed, on rather flimsy evidence; nothing more, in fact, than certain copies of Washington's letters, which are in Hamilton's handwriting, and which were written when he was acting as Washington's secretary. Hamilton was really so great a man, and enjoys so large a measure of universal respect, that the claim which has now been set up for him has not yet been laughed down; but one can readily understand the feelings which have induced his eldest and best-known son, Mr. James A. Hamilton, to publicly express his dissent from, and regret at, the views propounded, and the theory set forth by his brother in this biography.

The controversy to which the life of Aaron Burr has given rise turns upon a very different matter. Mr. Parton, with a feeling very natural in a biographer, has done his best to exculpate Colonel Burr from the well-known charge of having violated decency and delicacy by keeping and carefully docketing all the letters he had received from the numerous ladies who had loved him, not wisely, but too well—taking ground, on this point, diametrically opposite to that occupied by his former biographer, the late Matthew L. Davis. Mr. Parton's attempted vindication of his hero has brought several new witnesses upon the stage, and their united testimony goes to overthrow the theory of the last, and to confirm that of the first biographer. The confession of the *Evening Journal*, of Albany, is particularly conclusive; the Editor admits that, being intimate with Matthew L. Davis, he obtained a perusal of those letters of Burr's, and states that he was shocked at the loathsome perfidy of the man who could preserve such memorials of the sin and shame of the poor erring women he had led astray. It seems difficult to conceive what answer Mr. Parton can make to this.

The controversy may possibly damage his hero, or rather neutralize the effect which his biography might otherwise have had in elevating his fame; but it may serve a useful purpose—it may teach some poor, weak woman, trembling on the verge of ruin, that the consequences of a single false step may last for generations—that children yet unborn may live to shudder lest, in their day, some one should possess a knowledge of their mother's shame, and the power to blast her memory and their legitimacy.

THE TRIBULATIONS OF THE TRIBUNE.

WE notice that the *Athenæum*, the London *Publishers' Circular*, and some other English papers are indignant at the injury which the New York *Tribune* is doing to British authors, by systematically reprinting their works upon the publishers who have purchased the proof-sheets. These foreign journals naturally inquire whether this can be the same *Tribune* whose articles in favor of British authors have been so carefully forwarded to Great Britain, and whose editors are reported to be so anxious for the acquaintance of foreign literary men? It is surmised in certain quarters that the Mr. Greeley who was over in England during the Crystal Palace excitement must be dead, and that his inheritance must have fallen among thieves.

The story of the *Tribune's* late attempt upon the purse of Mr. Thackeray, and untoward detection in the act, is quite droll enough to be worth repeating. As soon as the publishers of this Journal received the early proof-sheets of "The Virginians," the *Tribune* announced that it would reprint the work—not from *Harper's Magazine*, but from "*an early English copy.*" Immense stress was laid upon the fact that the work was to be reprinted from *an English copy*, and that no use was to be made by our virtuous contemporary of the copy for which the Messrs. Harper paid two thousand dollars. The first monthly part was no doubt reprinted, not from an English copy, but from *Harper's Magazine*; of this, however, we have no direct evidence.

But when the proof-sheets of Part II. arrived, measures were taken to ascertain whence the *Tribune* copy was obtained. Three verbal alterations were made in Thackeray's text—so slight as to be likely to escape even the author's notice, yet sufficient for the purpose required.

The *Magazine* was published on 17th December. On 18th December the second part of "The Virginians" appeared in the Semi-Weekly *Tribune*, with the following editorial notice:

"The monthly parts of the 'Virginians,' *carefully reprinted from a London copy*, will be found in the Weekly and Semi-Weekly *Tribune*," etc.

On reference to the Semi-Weekly and Weekly *Tribune*, the passages altered were found printed in those sheets precisely as they appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, *with the alterations which had been made*. It was thus evident that the monthly part, instead of being "carefully reprinted from a London copy," had been in fact carefully reprinted from *Harper's Magazine*. It was the old story; the thief who was caught in the act was lying to hide it, and was detected alike in the theft and in the falsehood.

The following were the passages which served to convict our unhappy contemporary:

THE LONDON COPY:

No. 1.—"George suddenly *took it*, and a strange smile passed over his pale face." Chapter V., near the middle.

No. 2.—"She more than ever pointed out his *excellences* to her sons," etc. Chapter VII., line 22.

No. 3.—"The negro servants, bearing the dishes for the approaching feast, were passing *perpetually* as they talked." Chapter VIII., line 15.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE:

No. 1.—"George suddenly *took it in his hand*, and a strange smile passed over his pale face."

No. 2.—"She more than ever pointed out his *perfections* to her sons," etc.

No. 3.—"The negro servants, bearing the dishes for the approaching feast, were passing *continually* as they talked."

THE TRIBUNE VERSION, "CAREFULLY REPRINTED FROM A LONDON COPY:"

No. 1.—"George suddenly took it ☞ *in his hand*, ☜ and a strange smile passed over his pale face."

No. 2.—"She more than ever pointed out his ☞ *perfections* ☜ to her sons," etc.

No. 3.—"The negro servants, bearing the dishes for the approaching feast, were passing ☞ *continually* ☜ as they talked."

The trick was of course exposed. It might have been expected that the lesson would have borne fruit; that the shame of detection in so mean an act, and so contemptible a falsehood to hide it, would have impressed upon the proprietors of the *Tribune* at least the policy of an outward show of truthfulness and honesty in future. No such expectation, however reasonable, was entertained by the publishers of *Harper's Magazine*. Knowing the parties with whom they had to deal, they pursued the same course with regard to the third as they had pursued with regard to the second part of "The Virginians." Accident favored them, too. In the advance proof-sheets sent by Mr. Thackeray to the Messrs. Harper, Washington's negro servants were mentioned as being equipped "in blue and white liveries." On second thoughts, and before the London copy was published, Mr. Thackeray struck out the "blue and white," and spoke of the "boys" being simply "in livery." Of course, a reproduction of the story "from a London copy" never could by any chance contain the words "blue and white," which were not in that London copy; though those words were necessarily in the version published from the proof-sheets in the *Magazine*.

Well, shortly after the appearance of the February *Magazine*, containing Part III. of "The Virginians," the *Tribune* of 19th January contained the following notice:

"THACKERAY'S VIRGINIANS: Part III. of this interesting novel is given complete in the *Semi-Weekly Tribune* of this morning, *reprinted from a London copy received last night by the mail of the America*. 'The Virginians' will be found in this day's evening edition of the *Daily Tribune* as well," etc.

On reference to the evening edition of the *Daily Tribune* of January 19, we find that the passage about the liveries is printed as given in the *Magazine*, and not as the London copy has it; and that another passage, altered by the publishers of the *Magazine* to catch the *Tribune*, is given as altered.

The following comparison exhibits the unfortunate *Tribune* in a very ridiculous light:

THE LONDON COPY:

No. 1.—"Who have we here, with the two negro boys in *livery*?" Chapter IX., near the beginning.

No. 2.—"And is *a monstrous* genteel young man, considering the opportunities he has had," etc. Chapter IX., a few lines further on.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE:

No. 1.—"Who have we here, with the two negro boys *in blue and white liveries*?"

No. 2.—"And is *an extremely* genteel young man, considering the opportunities he has had," etc.

THE TRIBUNE VERSION, "REPRINTED FROM A LONDON COPY RECEIVED BY THE MAIL OF THE 'AMERICA.'"

No. 1.—"Who have we here, with the two negro boys ☞ *in blue and white liveries*?" ☜

No. 2.—"And is ☞ *an extremely* ☜ genteel young man, considering the opportunities he has had," etc.

From this it is apparent that Part III., like Part II.—and no doubt Part I. also—was reprinted, not from a London copy received by the mail of the *America* or any other mail, but simply and wholly from *Harper's Magazine*; and that the proprietors of the *Tribune* not only copied the monthly part from *Harper's Magazine*, but repeated the falsehood, that they had reprinted the Part from a London copy.

The Five Points pickpocket, who was caught the other day with a gentleman's watch in his hand, and who insisted, and swore positively, in presence of the owner, that the watch had been given him by a very dear friend, may thus learn that he is not without successful imitators. But if the pickpocket, after his detection, had abused the owner of the watch for having his initials engraved on it, and accused him, with voluble vituperation, of defacing a valuable work of art, the parallel between his case and that of the proprietors of the *Tribune* would be perfect.

THE LOUNGER.

THE MURILLO.

THE beautiful picture at Williams and Stevens's gallery, is not the Marshal Soult's, nor a copy of it. An engraving of the *Conception* of the Louvre may be seen at the gallery, and the difference lies in the fewer figures of the Aspinwall picture, and the symbol lilies and palms which they hold. There are no symbols in the Louvre *Conception*.

The New York correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* says that the picture is grossly misnamed the *Immaculate Conception*. But the correspondent certainly forgets.

The dogma of the Conception was peculiar to Seville. Ford, in his capital "Hand-Book for Spain," tells us that in 1613 a Dominican monk of Seville asserted that the Virgin was subject to the pains and penalties of original sin. The rivals of the Dominicans, the Franciscans, immediately took the other side, and thereupon the whole population paraded the city singing praises to the *Immaculate Conception*. The dogma was embodied in a form of salutation peculiar to Seville; and the painters, whose subjects were drawn from religious traditions and theories, soon began to illustrate it upon canvas. The Inquisition decreed that the sinless Virgin should be represented in a certain manner—that she should stand upon a crescent moon, because she is the "woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars," and that she should be draped in blue and white.

Murillo, who was born in 1616—only three years after the dispute commenced—was renowned among all artists as the painter of "the Conception;" or, more properly speaking, of *the Virgin of Immaculate Conception*—the type of sinless maternity.

The *Assumption*, of which subject Titian and Correggio painted the most celebrated pictures, is a very different thing. It represents the ascent of the Virgin into heaven, and the air of rapid upward movement is one of the famous distinctions of Titian's great picture. But in the *Conception* the figure stands in rapt beatific repose. It is not an event, but an idea.

It is, therefore, with perfect propriety called the *Conception*, because it is painted in commemoration of that dogma. The confusion lies in confounding with it the sinless conception of Christ. This picture is in honor of the Madonna, without reference to the Son. It is the form art gives to the theory that she was conceived as sinlessly as he. And this important point, upon which the learned Romish Doctors have so long differed, was recently finally settled by the Pope.

A REQUISITION UPON GOVERNOR KING.

"DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—On behalf of several ladies, I wish to ask of Governor King whether he does not intend to make some explanation to the public of the reasons of the pardon he is reported to have granted to four men convicted of the greatest crime against a woman near Syracuse. The women of New York did not indeed vote for Governor King; but many among them, and I for one, wished his election. Has he respect enough for us to explain this action, which, as stated in the newspapers, seems incredible? Respectfully yours,

"MRS. MARY JENKINS."

—The Lounger certainly agrees with MRS. MARY JENKINS, that when convicts are pardoned it is desirable to have some statement made to satisfy the natural curiosity of the public. But, meanwhile, Mrs. Jenkins ought to remember that the Governor is an officer who is very closely watched and sharply criticised; that he is a man who may be supposed to have an interest in causing the laws to be obeyed; and, as a man of sense, is not very likely to grant a wholesale pardon without reasons.

So, even if the reasons are not given, the Loung-

er hopes that Mrs. Jenkins and her friends will not necessarily infer that our chief magistrate connives at crime.

AN ECHO.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—That touching Valediction to the Old Year, in a late number of the *Weekly*, smote a very different chord in *my* lyre.

"How *can* those bid it 'good speed' to whom it has borne sorrow and misfortune, rather than 'healing on its wings?'

"Scarcely hoping that this will prove worthy of insertion, it may, nevertheless, present another view of the same subject, and mirror more hearts than that loving 'Farewell:'

"No joyous chimes, from merry bells,
Exultant ring victorious peals,
As veteran Time his car propels
Toward *this* year's goal, on wingèd wheels.

"More sternly now he guides the steeds,
Than when the course was strewn with flowers;
And swifter past each waymark speeds
Since noon has scorched the fleeting hours.

"His sheathless scythe unheeded trails
O'er plots of love and fields of joy;
Time hears no prayers, regards no wails,
Though choicest buds its edge destroy.

"Then why should throbbing hearts or bells
Hail the grim victor with glad peals?
Alas! of buried hopes no knells
Can *stay* those flying chariot-wheels!"

ELLA.

WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH HER?

IN the little neighboring town of Orange, Mrs. Lucy Stone, a woman of intelligence, sense, and spirit, declines to pay her taxes.

Why?

Because, she says, there should be no taxes without representation.

That was good doctrine on Bunker Hill and in Boston Harbor some eighty-four or five years ago. It remains to see how it will work in Orange.

She is undoubtedly a woman—but the tax-gatherer can hardly push that argument very far—for she is also a peaceable, useful citizen; and it must be a very eloquent tax-gatherer indeed who could persuade sensible people in Orange that so good a citizen ought to be taxed without representation.

It is, in fact, a brave little *coup d'état* in favor of "Woman's Rights;" and its success would hardly peril the prosperity of Jersey: for even if the Lords of Creation should graciously allow their female slaves to vote, there are very few of them who would take the trouble to exercise the right.

EARLY SPRING STYLES.

IF the painter of a picture or the singer of a song is properly called a public benefactor, what shall be said of him who proposes a new fashion? The Lounger is sure of his welcome, for this week at least, by reason of the poem which follows; and which is sure to be echoed before many weeks in the most instructive toilets upon Broadway—toilets so expressive that even he who runs may read.

AN OLD FASHION RESTORED.

CHANGES are but revivals of the past,
Says Solomon, that "old, experienced file,"
And all that shall be done while Time shall last
Is but what *was* done by the great old Nile.
In Thebes, and Nineveh, and Babylon,
They lived the lives for which we smile or groan,
And the old folks at home in Zabulon,
Were, save their ancient toga-ry, our own.
'Tis very true—nothing at all is new,
And what the Romans *did* is what we *do*.
We wake and sleep again, we work and rest,
Marry and build, eat dinners and digest,
And like the snail that crawled five feet by day,
To fall back four by night, as fables say,
Is what is called the "progress of society"—
A treadmill round that people think variety.
And all we name invention and discovery
Is of our losses merely a recovery.

If you will read the Bible, you will find
Yourself and friends as Demas, Og, and Pharaoh,
And man, the creature of the mighty mind,
Hops back and forth like any road-side sparrow:
In *dress* this truth is most of all conspicuous,
For don't we see our ladies every day,
Like their grandmothers, make themselves ridiculous?
Another year their hoops will roll away,
To make room for some other new-old notion.
Perhaps ere long the men will put on *casques*
When Fashion's Empress, from beyond the ocean,
Bids women drop their mediæval *basques*.
Our *peg-top trowsers* are but old *trunk hose*,
Made to disguise our lack of nature's graces—
Don't bandy words, it is as I suppose—
And beards once more conceal our want of faces;
With *huile antique* our locks we perfume o'er,
To please with novelty our dull olfactories,
And now the age demands but *one thing more*—
The good old fashion of PHYLACTERIES!

With what sweet confidence we'd trust a man
Who wore around his wide-awake a text,
Or when about his shining stove-pipe ran
The words of Scripture, by no comment vexed:
Confidence-men, indeed, we all would be
(At least till found out in iniquity);
And on the pure white forehead of a belle,
With Wisdom's lessons we would never quarrel,
For when we have perused her features well
'Twere only adding just the story's moral.
And if there's *nothing* in that pretty head
Outside, we should have *something* in its stead.
Perhaps some holy text inscribed on high
Might teach the lovely moralist to die.

Upon the borders of your garments wide,
Fair ladies, a whole chapter might be placed;
St. Paul's advice to wives would grace a bride,
Broidered in pearls, or on white satin traced.
Searching the Scriptures would be all the fashion
In boudoirs where they lately read Tom Moore,
And new Phylacteries the last new passion—
A good excuse to vote hard times a bore!
What rushing then to Stewart's for "new styles!"
What tracing muslin and embroidering mull?
What hunting up and down the shops for miles!
What working floss, chenille, and Berlin wool!

On the broad hems of widows' vails we'd see
Some text from "Lamentations," done in gray,
And "loves of handkerchiefs" and sleeves would be
Instructors to the owner every day.

A lady's glove or her manchette would teach
A holy lesson to her hand of snow,
And her Balmoral petticoat would preach
Whole sermons, on the way that she should go.
To edify her brain there would be room
Upon her bonnet brim, however small,
And gentle promptings to her heart might come
From her mantilla, or her Cashmere shawl.
The High Church belles black letter then would seek,
Fair Presbyterians appear in blue,
The blues in German text, or else in Greek,
Or learned Hebrew would still better do
(Old English, if they love the Middle Ages):
Illuminated letters for the sages,
Couleur de rose for beauty, youth, and glee,
And green, perhaps, alas! for you and me!

The great new science we call *Phylactrology*
Will soon be far more useful than Phrenology
To teach us how to understand each other,
And how to find out truth and honesty;
For surely no man would deceive his brother,
By wearing on his open brow *a lie!*
Hypocrisy is surely out of date
In the year eighteen hundred fifty-eight!

Thus have I told you, in these idle rhymes,
Of an old fashion suited to the times;
Which is to all men most appropriate—
To all our Rabbis, of whate'er persuasion,
To all the rich, the pious, and the great,
To all who feel, or love *self-approbation;*
And useful most of all to politicians,
And Pharisees, whatever their conditions,
Who love in synagogues the highest seat,
Greetings in church, in market, or "*the street,*"
And to be known of men as they deserve,
For merits they would speak of with reserve.
Thus secret goodness could not be concealed,
But blazoned forth to all, a glorious show,
Modest assurance then would stand revealed,
And virtue triumph, even in *old clo'!*

O. LAW RAY, *Nightingale House.*

NEITHER MANLY NOR MANNERLY.

HOG is always the same, whether his name be spelled like ordinary swine or with a more aristocratic *ge*. It seems that a very flourishing branch of the family lives in Brooklyn, and the note that follows is a worthy companion of the communication of Mrs. Melinda Broadskirt two or three weeks since. If any Hog happens to read it as he is comfortably seated in the ferry-boat, let him reflect whether he may not possibly be the very Hogge mentioned:

"DEAR LOUNGER,—Speaking of Hogge—I meet that individual nowadays frequently on one of our Brooklyn ferry-boats.

"If you have ever crossed from New York to the City of Churches on one of the Union Company's two-cent boats, you may have seen painted in conspicuous letters on a tin sign nailed against one side of the boat the announcement, 'No Smoking permitted on this side of the Boat;' also, over the door leading to the cabin on the same side, 'Ladies' Cabin.'

"Now Hogge's favorite amusement to while away the tedium of the East River passage is, cigar in mouth, to lounge gradually over from the other side, and finally establish himself in the front rank of the crowd of ladies and gentlemen on the side sacred from tobacco fumes. Sometimes he reaches no farther than the outskirts of the crowd, but ingeniously places himself to *windward*—I think that is the term—of us, and complacently puffs his vile cigar-smoke into the faces of those who have thought to gain, by standing outside, a taste of fresh and undefiled air; as who should say, 'Here am I, Hogge; it's a free country; what are you going to do about it?'

"We who work hard all day in close, dark rooms, rely upon that daily passage over the East River for our only breath of fresh, unpolluted air. What shall we do when Hogge gets betwixt us and the free air of heaven?

"Dear Lounger, won't you, who tell every thing to every body, tell Hogge that it is neither manly nor mannerly to smoke in that part of a public conveyance set apart for ladies—and gentlemen? Won't you tell your Brooklyn readers that, when they see a person smoking on the wrong side of the boat, that's Hogge?

"Won't you tell the ferryman to mind his own business? Yours,

"A NEW-YORKER *who sleeps in Brooklyn.*"

OUR LETTER-BOX.

"PHILADELPHIA, *January*, 1858.

"PLEASANT LOUNGER,—I put my pen to the paper for the first time in this beautifully-ushered-in New Year to wish you may enjoy all becoming happiness.

"I have just perused that delectable sheet graced by your pen, and I am more than ever convinced that *Harper's Weekly* has "put the best foot foremost" for this volume, No. 2.

"I frankly confess that I can not do without it and its mother the Magazine. I have been told I read *nothing else*—that, however, is an extravagant assertion.

"Philada has two newly-fledged *Musical Doctors*. I don't know whether they will write their names R—— D——, H. D., or how they will put it in. Do you know?

"I don't know that I have flattered you enough in this to secure attention; but if I am not successful this time, you may hear from me again, as this is my

"FIRST ATTEMPT."

—FIRST ATTEMPT ought to be aware that he has *not* flattered enough to secure a satisfactory or ample answer. If he had only said, that, "enchanted by the grace and illuminated by the art of the incomparable Lounger, he ventured humbly to hope that some reply to his foolish questions might be vouchsafed through the columns of the widely-circulated and highly influential journal with which he is, happily for the public, connected," why, then the Lounger might have felt it incumbent upon him to satisfy the inquiring FIRST ATTEMPT. It would compromise the dignity and independence of the Press (for particulars of which see the newspapers) to yield to so slight an importunity. The Lounger has duties to his profession and to his fellow-editors which he can not forget except upon condition of a more liberal flattery.

"DUBUQUE, *January*, 1858.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—I am very glad to know that for twenty months we are to be sure of the great monthly entertainment of a new novel by Thackeray. I think the new one begins better than any before. It is such a pretty picture of old colonial life in Virginia, and he makes such a hero of Washington. He describes him just as I fancy him to have been as a young man; dignified and serious, but full of sensitive honor and manliness. Then how capital the pictures are! That is a great point you make (for I suppose you are named Harper, too; I understand the whole establishment is brothers and sons and nephews), a great point, to give the original illustrations. I heartily agree with what you say in your number for December 26th about the value of the cuts, and the peculiar character he puts into them. But do you see how tender and sweet he is getting to be? There are a great many people who have never read Thackeray's books before, because they think he is a sort of sneering satirist and skeptic. But I think he is coming out in a new style now. Go on, dear Lounger, prosper and print away. You have thousands of friends out here, and I am one of them.

"Yours most sincerely, STEPHEN W. B——."

—The Lounger entirely agrees with his friend Stephen, that there is an exquisite mellowness of tone in the *Virginians*, which is superior in style to any previous work of Thackeray's except the *Newcomes*. It is quite the perfection of strong, sweet, simple Saxon—with which fearfully hissing alliteration the Lounger gives way to another correspondent.

OUR COLLEGE SECRET SOCIETIES.

"MR. LOUNGER,—No one who has not been a member of one of our colleges can have an idea to what extent secret societies are carried, or what an influence they possess over the students. They are conducted somewhat on the principle of the Masonic societies—giving chapters throughout the country, having their grip, secret pass-words, etc.

"The United States contain about 150 colleges, and there exist in these colleges at least 50 distinct secret societies, spreading chapters far and wide. There is but one entirely honorary secret society throughout the country, and that is Phi Beta Kappa (Φ B K), which has many chapters, and takes only the best eight or ten men of each graduating class. Next comes the Skull & Bones, a Senior society. That of Yale is the only chapter which they have in this country, and they will take no more. Their initiation fee is said to be $100, and they built themselves a hall at New Haven at great expense. This hall has no windows in it, but is lighted by a sky-light from above.

"A curious anecdote is related of one of the members of the faculty at Yale College who was a member of this fraternity. Their hall, it seems, took fire some time ago, when the firemen endeavored to enter the building to put it out; but the venerable professor stood at the entrance with an axe in his hand and swore he would kill the first man who attempted to enter. The fire was at length quenched by the members of the fraternity.

"Another fine Senior society is that of Scroll and Key. One of the best Junior societies in the United States is Sigma Phi (Σ Φ), founded in 1827 at Union. The college may consider itself fortunate that gets a chapter of this fraternity, as it is considered a great honor. Next comes Psi Upsilon (Ψ Υ), whose parent chapter is at Union, and which numbers about 15 chapters, among which are Yale, Columbia, University of New York, etc. The society that has more chapters than any other is Delta Kappa Epsilon, founded at Yale, 1844. This numbers 26 chapters, among which are Brown University, Free Academy, University of Virginia, etc. Alpha Delta Phi (A Δ Φ), founded at Hamilton in 1832, was once a very good society. It numbers 18 chapters, some of which have died out, among the remainder are those of Yale, Williams Free Academy, etc. Phi Kappa Sigma, whose parent chapter is at the University of Pennsylvania, numbers some 12 chapters. Delta Phi has some seven or eight, and is quite a good society. There are now a few small societies left, such as Delta Psi, Chi Psi, Zeta Psi, Theta Delta Chi.

"Before closing this article I might say a few words about a fine Freshman society founded at Yale in 1849, and which has chapters at Amherst, Free Academy, etc. Its name is Sigma Delta. Some of the badges or pins of these societies are quite handsome and elaborate, as those of Delta Kappa Epsilon, Psi Upsilon, Sigma Delta, Alpha Delta Phi, etc. The first three are in the shape of a diamond, and the latter is square; there are many other very handsome ones, but I will not tire you by mentioning them. In summing up the advantages of secret societies, I name as the greatest the genuine friendship which they promote between members. In fact, they become as brothers to each other.

"COLLEGIAN."

—COLLEGIAN is a bold fellow. The Lounger has, in the most paternal manner, omitted some of his comparisons and epithets. Why should a young man, just starting in life, draw the whole Greek alphabet about his ears, like a swarm of bees? Is he aware that Alpha Delta Phi's and Psi Ups. never meet without crossing swords? Does he know that no college grounds are large enough to hold in peace two youths, one of whom has taken the Phi Kappa Sigma, and the other Delta Kappa Epsilon, and both in a virulent form?

And will COLLEGIAN explain how it is that all the Greek characters, when applied to college societies, however they may be arranged, always spell p-u-n-c-h?

Bohemian Walks and Talks.

A PUFF FOR THE POLICE.

"THAT Metropolitan Police Law was not such a bad thing after all," said Asterik across the dinner-table, to me, the other day. "To be sure the policemen are no better than they were before. They discover no burglaries; they break up no disreputable houses; they are careful to treat all street-bullies with the greatest respect; they enforce none of the ordinances against the plundering and swindling of sojourners and strangers within our gates; in fact, they do nothing that they ought to do. But look at their pretty uniforms (I mistook No. 9 the other day for Captain Paixhan, 272d Regiment, U.S.A.); see what a lot of fat places the Board makes for fellows who can't find any thing else to do; read the nice resolutions they adopt, and peruse the cheerful and lively general orders of the Superintendent. Why, they have printed a book wherein is expressed what the men ought to do; how they ought not to babble and talk; how they ought to keep their boots and faces clean; how they ought to look particularly after you and I and every body else, and see that we walk in the straight and narrow path of virtue, temperance, and godliness. They are to be the keepers of our consciences and our morals, and if they see a thief they are to bid him stand if he be willing, otherwise they are to let him go in peace and take no heed of him."

Just then Asterik and I were crossing the Park toward Beekman Street, through the alley which is so much frequented by young ladies of straitened circumstances, who, to hide their eleemosynary demands upon the passers-by under cover of some industrial services rendered, always have a worn-out broom. It is a curious thing, by-the-way, that no one ever saw a crossing-sweeper with a new broom, or an omnibus-driver with a new hat. Asterik scattered a few pennies among the young ladies, when forth from the City Hall came a platoon of police, who charged upon the enemy in good order. Notwithstanding the imminent danger, the force was firm. The orders of the officer in command were delivered in a firm and steady tone of voice, and the men behaved in the best manner. The crossing-sweepers, reinforced by some young gentlemen in the boot-polishing line, made a skillful retreat toward Centre Street, leaving two brooms and a blacking-brush upon the field of battle. The force then marched back in the same order, were relieved from duty, and allowed to play dominoes for the rest of the day.

I have not as yet seen any special official notice of this gallant achievement; but I presume that it will be applauded by resolution in the Board, and mentioned in a special order. Why not? If there are no policemen when an independent citizen takes a fancy to kill another independent citizen in the public street, or when men are beaten or robbed, let us at least do something, and annihilate the crossing-sweepers and boot-blacks. It is a safe exercise, and keeps the men from becoming rusty.

ETHELINDA AT THE OPERA.

"So," remarks the brightest and best, "the Opera is over!" The dear child was one of the "brilliant and fashionable" audience that assisted at the last night of Don Giovanni. "I don't think," she said, "much of Mozart, and as for La Grange, did you *ever* hear such a shaky voice? why, it 'wabbled' about just like calf's-foot jelly. And I don't see what poor Don Giovanni wanted with three such ugly-looking women. I don't think the poor fellow ought to have been punished at all. Why can't we have a pretty *prima donna?*" "Why," I suggested, mildly, "I have yet to hear one woman acknowledge that another woman was pretty." "Now, how *can* you say so?" was the reply. "Well, there was——, her beauty was acknowledged, but you finished her by turning up that dear nose—the prettiest in the world—and saying 'bad style.'" Ethelinda thought Labocetta was good-looking, and pitied him for being obliged to be dragged about by those two women through the whole Opera, and doing nothing at all. With Formes she was much delighted, but thought it strange how he could sing with his mouth full of maccaroni. Certainly, as she says, Carl Formes is one of the greatest artistes in the world, probably the greatest that has ever visited us. He has the nicest way of making himself on good terms with the audience; and, at the same time, avoids undue familiarity. He is a perfectly satisfactory artiste in every point of view. Ethelinda complains of the rapidly increasing democratic tendencies of the Opera audiences. "The ladies," she says, "go in their street cloaks and bonnets, which they never take off, while the men appear in business coats, and ignore gloves. I should think that something might be done about this matter, and suggest an indignation meeting of well-dressed people to take the subject into consideration."

Meantime the Opera is gone, and the Bohemians have lost their favorite lounge. But there is a ray of light in the distance. Maretzek has succeeded in getting nearly all the doubloons that the Havanese can spare, and may be expected here early next month, when we may hope to hear Roncari. As a matter of information for the musically-inclined and tenor-admiring young ladies I may say that their favorite, Brignoli, is somewhat fatter, lazier, and more awkward than ever. He is terribly disgusted with the Havanese journals, which have applied the actual cautery to him.

A PUNDIT! A MOONSHEE!

MR. ASPINWALL is exhibiting his Murillo in the print shop of Williams & Stevens, for the benefit of the poor. Of course every body goes to see it. It is called "The Immaculate Conception," the title of the original. There is no doubt as to its genuineness, and if any one desires to read a criticism upon it, he may find about five hundred in different art works in the Astor Library. A pundit, however, has been writing to one of the daily papers such nonsense as this:

"With all due deference to Messrs. Williams & Stevens, permit me to inquire in what Gallery in Europe can be found a picture, by any master, called 'The Immaculate Conception?'

"In every collection of note may be found one or more paintings representing the Virgin Mother ascending toward heaven, and surrounded by angels and cherubim accompanying her there. In some of these pictures the Apostles are represented as gazing after her in amazement, or looking from her into her empty tomb on earth, from whence she has just been taken. This is 'The Assumption of the Virgin.'

"Murillo died in Seville in 1685. The present Pope, during the last three years, promulgated the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. Murillo's most celebrated work—his master-piece—is his 'Assumption of the Virgin'—doubtless this very picture now on exhibition in our midst;' for Mr. Aspinwall could not be deceived into purchasing, at the enormous price he paid for this gem, any thing but an original. Yet certainly a very exact copy of this work now exists in the Louvre. The real work belonged to Marshal Soult. Was it purchased from him by the King of Holland? and is it now owned by Mr. Aspinwall?"

The number of blunders that a man can make in a few lines is remarkably well developed in the above extract. The picture is rightly named "The Immaculate Conception." The dogma was held by many of the Fathers—the Spaniards especially—long before Murillo's time. The first picture by this artist upon the same subject is in the Murillo Gallery at Seville, and is called as above in the Official Catalogue. The picture in the Louvre (*see* Catalogue), "The Immaculate Conception," was purchased by the nation, in 1852, for six hundred thousand francs. It was the queen picture of twenty or thirty Murillos brought from Spain by Marshal Soult. I believe this to have been the picture which Murillo originally painted for the church at Seville where he was baptized, as Rubens painted his finest work, "The Crucifixion of Saint Peter,"

CELESTIAL LADIES.

for St. Peter's Church at Cologne. And let me tell you not to miss seeing it if you ever happen to be in the nasty place. Mr. Aspinwall's picture is a copy by the master's own hand; and there are four or five more, for the subject was a favorite one with Murillo. Mr. Aspinwall's picture is not so fine, in some important respects, as that in the Louvre, and its best points are spoiled by being exhibited by gaslight. As for the question of originality, it would be difficult to say which of the Conceptions was first painted, but the burden of proof is in favor of the small picture in the Gallery at Seville.

LIFE IN HONG KONG.

NEWSPAPER correspondents in Hong Kong are sketching with a free pen some of the salient manifestations of Celestial character. First come

THE COOLIES,

a numerous class, half horse half stevedore, who load and unload ships, man the sedan-chairs wherein prudent men perambulate the streets, transport packages, and have the carrying trade generally in their hands—or on their shoulders. They form the largest half of the population of Hong Kong, and are a miserable, brutish, knavish set as can well be imagined. Many of them are athletic and well-made, a few are slightly good-looking, but the majority are half-starved, cadaverous customers, clothed in rags and half-putrid sores, and giving one the idea that a close examination would discover them to be fly-blown. They are found in crowds, sitting under trees or beneath verandas, by the road-side, cracking obscene jokes and waiting for a job. (N.B. A Chinese joke or vulgarity is something so indecent that the veriest ragamuffin of the Five Points would hide his face in shame at its recital.) Their only clothing is a pair of short, baggy drawers, loosely covering the loins, and a bamboo hat, which latter serves not only for head-gear, umbrella, and parasol, but also as a place of deposit for a long-stemmed opium-pipe, or a stack whereon to suspend fish, which swing from the edge of the broad brim and dry in the sun as their Coolie owner and wearer ambles along. They are mostly addicted to opium, and waste the chief part of their substance—that is to say, their earnings and pilferings—upon the drug. Their average earnings are about 100 cash (or 20 cents) per day, 80 of which, or 16 cents, many of them devote to their opium-pipes. They have a very poor reputation for honesty—in fact, have no character to speak of—and are not nearly so highly valued as the beasts whose labors they in part perform. They die generally of starvation, if they are not carried off by some loathsome disease, the consequence of opium-smoking and other evil habits,

A CHINESE VIRGIN.

It is strange that in most semi-civilized and barbarous countries there should be prescribed by custom a difference in dress between the girl and the married woman. In Queen Elizabeth's time, it was the custom in England for young women to proclaim their maidenhood by wearing the bosom bare—a species of allurement toward matrimony of which some fashionable New York dowagers might take advantage with profit to their fair charges. On the Gold Coast of Africa you may know a maiden by the peculiar shape of her upper garment. In parts of Australasia the unmarried female is distinguished by a face and neck unmarked by the fish-bone of the tattooer, the woman, on marriage, having her husband's peculiar mark immediately tattooed upon her—a sort of "John + Kanaka, his mark," I suppose. In Japan girls are, on marriage, obliged to blacken their teeth; and a white-toothed fair one is sure to be "disengaged." Well, in China the single female is known by the manner in which she wears her hair. Before marriage she plaits it in a long tail, just as the men do. When she gets married it is turned up behind in a vast, sharp, rudder-like knot, ingeniously fastened up by pins, and decorated with flowers, and looking as though it would violently jerk back the head of the wearer and dislocate her neck. A head dressed in this way would make an excellent vane; but I am sure one of these ladies would find it difficult to make headway in the street with the wind abeam. In addition to this decoration the Celestial married female indulges freely in paint. The lower lip, in particular, is dyed the brightest of scarlet.

Your small-footed woman is generally a wife, and has several splay-footed concubines to do her house-work for her. The children of these concubines (by her lord and master) are her slaves, to do with as she pleases. This is a necessary regulation for the protection of the small-footed ones, who are mostly cripples, and unable to walk without support. The six or seven stages of bandaging and doubling-up which their feet undergo, cause the sinews of the calf to waste entirely away, leaving the leg no larger than a common walking-stick, shriveling what should have been the foot, and forcing the sufferer to walk upon the point of the great toe and the remnant of the heel-ball—two extremities which are joined solidly in one.

"THE ONE PIECIE BARBER-MAN."

Virgins, although they wear tails like their fathers and brothers, do not shave the front part of the head, as these do. Part of the hair is cut tolerably short, and combed down over the forehead, giving the wearer a most ill-favored countenance. The modish young ladies have pig-tails frequently extending to within a few inches of the ground; and a stranger can scarcely help admiring the long black hair of a young Celestial. Unfortunately for myself, a rather close inspection of the tail of one of these Celestial beauties revealed to me, some years ago, the fact that the greater part of it was ingeniously formed of silk, colored to resemble her own raven tresses, and twisted in in such manner that only a very close inspection would reveal the cheat. The men, in like manner, extend their tail—or, rather, have it done for them; and the individual who performs this and other tonsorial operations on the male Celestial is the street barber, known, in the barbarous *lingua franca* prevailing on Canton River, as the "One piecie barber-man." Him you may see plying his razor, scissors, etc., from early morning till dusk, generally under some convenient tree by the road-side. The Celestial head-piece is first carefully shaven, after which the Celestial pig-tail is carefully unplaited, cleansed of the accumulated dust of several weeks, and then replaited, with, if necessary, additional silk, to give it that great length which is considered the correct thing in the Celestial fashion of pig-tails.

COUNTERFEITING SMALL FEET.

The mass of Chinese in Hong Kong are working people, and among these, necessarily, the luxury of small feet is comparatively unknown. Nevertheless small feet are to be seen, and proud enough of them are their hobbledehoys of owners, limping along in the most ridiculously supercilious way. There are, however, those who have risen from the ranks, and whose feet, full-grown ere their owners attained the requisite wealth and position, refuse now to be cramped. Such resort to artificial means to produce the desired effect upon beholders. There is my tailor's wife, for instance, who wore shoes, the thick soles of which are sharpened off before and behind, so that she actually hobbles along upon two stumps not more than an inch and a half in diameter. The trick is very ingeniously done, and I should have not seen through it but for the treachery of an envious neighbor of hers, who exposed to me this mystery also of the Celestial toilet.

DRESS OF A CHINESE LADY.

And now for some idea of the dress of a Chinese lady of the better class. She wears mostly a sort of jacket of blue silk and very loose petticoat trowsers—also of blue or black silk. In place of a hat, she wears a three-cornered handkerchief tied under the chin; a delicate French umbrella protects her from the sun when she walks out; and a wrinkled duenna in like manner protects her (or tries to) from the too ardent glances of any stray Jack Tar. However, from these there is but little danger. I defy any but the most catholic of women-worshipers to admire the women of Southern China. The only genuinely beautiful Celestial I ever saw was at the Mauritius, and she had been imported by her old Turk of a husband from one of the northern provinces, where, I understand, beauty is plentiest. The taste for the baboon-like faces of Hong Kong women is, I fancy, like that for mangoes, an acquired one. I have learned to like mangoes; but my tailor's wife still excites in me only unmitigated disgust.

A ONE PIECIE BARBER-MAN.

CHINESE COOLIES.

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. XXVI.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Antioch.—The old Cemetery.—History of the City and Historical Associations.—Barnabas and Paul.—Commencement of Paul's Ministry.—Roman Empire.—The Crusades and the great Battle of Antioch.—Mohammed Bey again.—A Present to Miss Grandison.—House-tops in the East.—An American Clergyman.

WERE I to write you half that in any one hour I think, here in the old Christian city, you would not find space in volumes to print it. For thought has infinite speed here, and moments are ages. One glance of the eye sweeps down the hill-side and down eighteen centuries at the same instant.

In the old cemetery on the bank of the Orontes I gather up a handful of dust, and in it I believe there are particles that have done duty for Christian martyrs, Roman soldiers, Persian invaders, pilgrims, monks, Moslem and Pagan, of every age since the days of the Apostles.

If you will reflect one moment, you will understand the emotions one must necessarily feel in Antioch. First and foremost are the associations connected with the early history of the Church. Here the wanderers of Cyprus and Cyrene, who had heard the story of Christ in Jerusalem, preached it with such wonderful effect that Barnabas came from the Holy City to see the great work. And he, beholding the advance made by the new creed, went over to Tarsus and brought Paul, and the two preached here for a year.

This was the commencement of the ministry of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, and here his ministry was honored by the disciples being called first by the name of their Master—a name then indeed of reproach, but in a few years to be of honor and power, which Roman Emperors would delight to bear.

I need not call your attention to the prominent position Antioch occupies in the history of the Apostles. I have studied it over here with intense interest. I think there is little doubt that Luke was a physician here. It seems to me the narrative shows it clearly, and that Paul found him here when they commenced their journeys in company.

After these early years of the Christian Church Antioch began to take its place in the Eastern world as the chief city of Asia. This position it continued to hold until the twelfth century. All readers know of the splendor which rivaled that of Rome and Byzantium, in fact surpassed them both. Then came the Crusades, with their stories of romance. I know not in all battle-histories one which is more thrilling than that of the insane joy of the Crusaders shut up in Antioch over the supposed finding of the spear that had pierced the side of Christ, and the splendor of their sally, the rout of the enemy, and the grand victory of Godfrey and his noble friends.

Sad old city now. The sunshine mocks the decaying ruins of the once magnificent Antioch. The wind laughs at my story! Was this Antioch?

An old woman—the veritable successor of those old women you read of in the "Arabian Nights"—has been beckoning to me from a neighboring house-top the last hour, and intimating that there are dancing-girls there, who will be glad to show themselves in their vile postures for a consideration; and these miserable wretches are the successors of those royal revelers that once made the name of Antioch synonymous with splendid sin! A lazy Turk sits in the door of his little shop across the street, and peddles sour milk and dried olives to the poor dogs that buy for a penny's worth their sole day's meal; and these are the successors of the princely merchants and tradesmen of the Antioch of Justinian!

The sun is high up; and even as I write a white-bearded sheik mounts the slender minaret of the mosque, and in that strange, high-pitched, and nasal chant, which is the "Gregorian tone" of the Moslems, sounds the noonday call, "Come to prayer, come to prayer! I testify that there is no god but God, and that Mohammed is the Prophet of God." And this is the successor of Paul!

But enough of this.

We are devoting our time to exploring the ruins which abound. They are chiefly of the time of the Crusades. Few are older. The walls, which are the chief subjects of interest, are magnificent relics. It would be worth your while to stand for half an hour in one of these old towers and hear the ring of the old steel on armor. Mayhap your ears would not be as sharp as mine to hear it, after the lapse of eight hundred years, but you might imagine it. Stout blows have been struck all along this line of wall, and yonder, where the castle once towered in the pride of its strength, men have done deeds for the cross of Christ that will live in song and story so long as they shall be said or sung.

Do you remember my friend Mohammed Bey, whom I met in Jerusalem, and about whom I told you a Fourth of July story?

Yesterday I was walking quietly along the principal street of Antioch, with Miss Kate Grandison on my left, and John Steenburger and the old gentleman a little way in the rear, when some one met me face to face, laid his hands on my shoulders, and pressed his forehead against mine.

It was done so suddenly that I had no time to recognize the man; and if you think I could recognize him in that attitude, suppose you try it once for yourself, with your wife or any one else. Put your foreheads close together, and look into each other's eyes, and see what you see.

I took it for granted it was some friend, and must be all right, and went through the various forms of salutation, and then had a chance to look at him.

"Mohammed Bey! my dear friend!" And then we went at it again; and I don't know but we should have kept at it all day if Miss Grandison had not spoken. She was shopping, and had not observed my rencontre.

"Isn't he handsome?" said she, and then turned to receive my reply, and was astonished to see my countenance enveloped in the beard and turban of my friend.

"Where shall we meet next, oh Mohammed?" said I.

"Inshallah! where it pleases Him. But are you well, and are these your friends?"

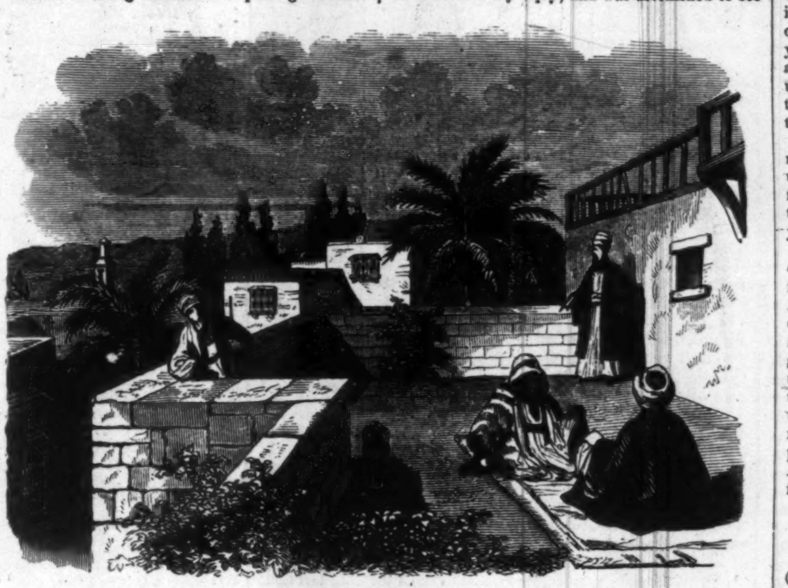
I presented him. Miss Kate was admiring a little negro boy, who was part of his suite. He was a very handsome little Nubian, and his dress was exquisite. That evening he presented himself to Miss Kate as her property. Mohammed saw her admiration, and sent him as a token of his own regard for my friends. If I was puzzled about my mules and tent, you may imagine the bother of my English friends about the slave. But we shall devise a way to take care of him, and he has already become a general favorite.

We lodge in or on a house of modern Antioch, and pass most of our evenings and nights on the house-top. This is, in point of fact, an upper terrace, from which rooms open in various directions. It is the roof of the rooms on the ground floor. It looks down into the court, which is partly roofed over with reeds and mats. Was it not such a roof that was broken up to let the sick man down into the presence of the Healer?

I could write on for hours, and tell you of the daily memorials we have of old Antioch. But is it not enough to say just this: that we are in what was once the grandest of Eastern capitals, and what is now but a common Oriental city—the fac-simile of dozens that I have seen and described to you? Here, as elsewhere, old glories have faded, and the traveler, while he is overwhelmed with the contrast, yet finds nothing to write of or to describe. If you can imagine yourself in the midst of a desolate plain, where nothing—hut, or house, or ruin—breaks the view in any direction, and some one telling you that you stand where once was the heart of a great city, the very forum of a rival of Rome, you may perhaps be able to understand what I am attempting to describe. Your feelings would be unutterable, and there would be nothing around you to describe. Silence is the perfection of eloquence then.

Antioch is indeed no desolate plain, but it is a modern Eastern town, and its inhabitants are as uninteresting as usual in such towns. It is, therefore, better that I lay down my pen than attempt to bring you here into my present position, or make you sharer of my reflections and emotions.

I met a man yesterday who came up from Iskanderoon the day previous. He had arrived there from Beyrout by steamer. He tells me of an American clergyman who was on the steamer, but of course he does not understand the differences among the Protestant denominations, and I can not guess who it is. I heard, after I left Jerusalem, that Rev. Dr. Tyng, of New York, had arrived there; and this may possibly have been that distinguished gentleman. If so, I can not too much regret that I missed seeing him. It is a source of pleasure you little know of to meet persons from America, especially those who know one's own friends.



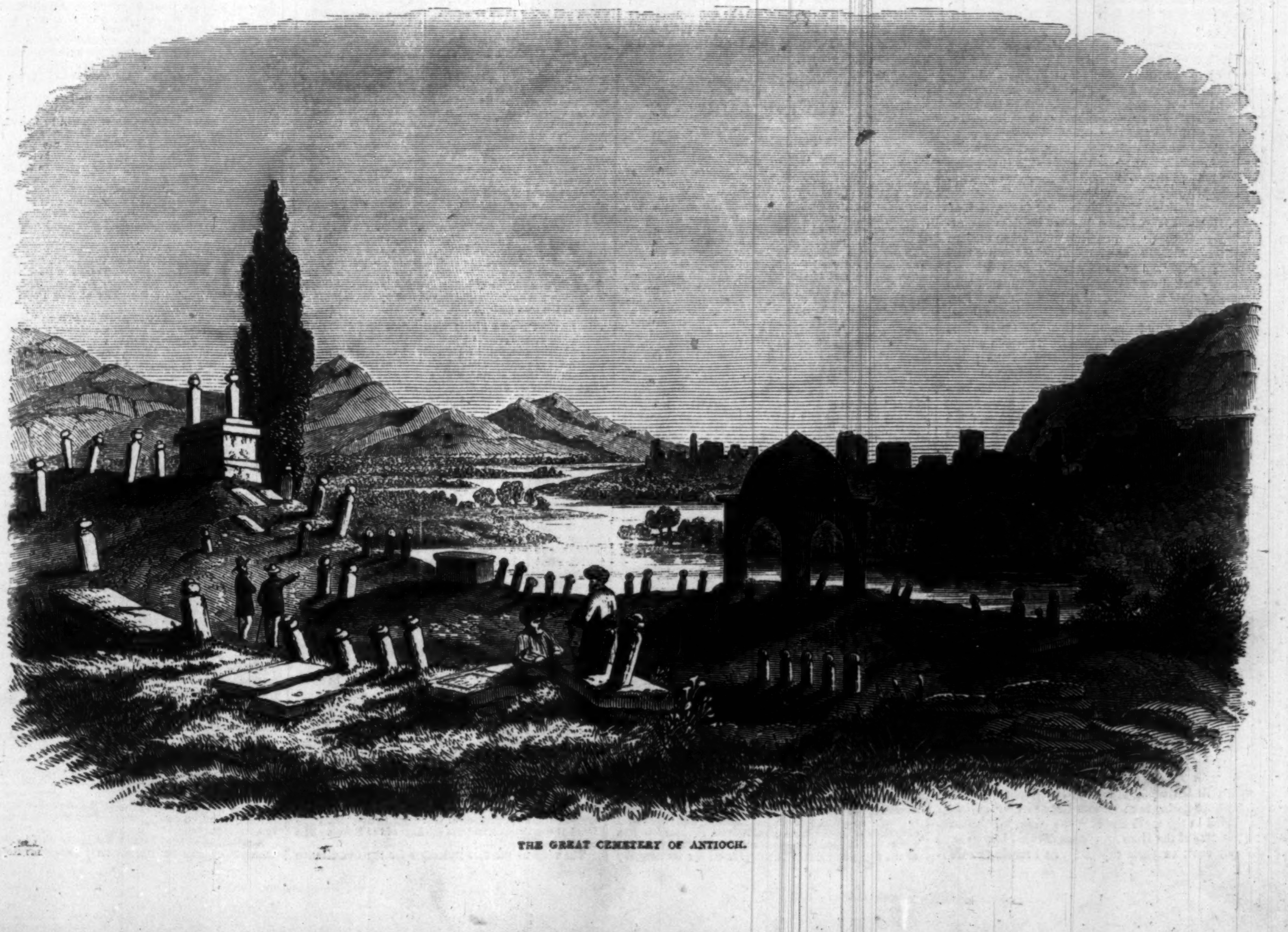
ON THE HOUSE-TOP.

REASONS FOR WEARING CRINOLINE.

(Extracted from a Lady in the Course of a Quadrille.)

"WELL, I'm sure! What next, I wonder! But it's like you *men*. Inquisitive creatures!! Talk of *woman's* curiosity! What is it to *you*, Sir, why I wear my crinoline? Getting up statistics, are you? Well—if you're *really* serious—now *promise* you won't laugh—I don't mind telling *you* my reasons why I wear it. Yes, by all means, if you like. Take your pencil out, and write down from my lips just as I tell you.

"I wear crinoline, Mr. *Curious*, because MADAME DE FLOUNCEY assures me it's the *Thing*. Who's MADAME DE FLOUNCEY? Oh, she's my French dressmaker, and her establishment's in Bond Street; and so, you see, she *must* know. Besides, she assures me it *so much* improves one's figure—especially when one's slim, as every *genteel* person should be. And then, as MADAME DE FLOUNCEY says, it gives me such an *air* (no, it's *not*, you wretch! it's *not* blown out with the bellows!), and looks so *distinguished*. Though, to be sure, now one's own servants, as you say, have taken to it, there's not so much *distinction* in the



THE GREAT CEMETERY OF ANTIOCH.

wearing, but there *ought* to be. Still, as MADAME DE FLOUNCEY says, it certainly *does* set one off; and as that dear, *dear* EMPRESS EUGÉNIE doesn't mind the maid-servants, I don't see why *we* need.

"Besides, you know, *every body* wears it now, and one *must* do as every body else does; one looks so *horridly* affected else. And I'm sure you *gentlemen* admire it. Oh yes, you may vow you don't, but I'm *positive* you *do*. There now! And then, you know, it's the *Fashion*. Only look at the fashion-books, and see what *lovely* wide dresses are drawn for us to copy in the pictures of *Le Follet*. Folly? No, Mr. Ignoramus, not folly at all. Go and learn your *French*, Sir!

"'Hides clumsy feet?' How *can* you be so rude! *Ladies* do not *always* like to have their ankles stared at. Oh, I dare say you meant nothing *personal*. But I'm sure it's very *disagreeable* of you, asking one such questions; and I've a great good mind to stop my ears, and not speak to you again, you odious wretch you!—taking down one's words, and then taking one up so. Yes, you *do*. And I wish I hadn't said a *word* to you, you horrid man! Now, don't be so *absurd*, Sir—let me take your arm. There's that MISS JIGGLETON, I *know*, is quizzing us *abominably*. * * * Oh, how lovely cool it is! I do so *love* a conservatory; don't you? But I haven't told you my *real* reason yet. You'd like to hear it? Well, then, if you'll *promise* not to tell—I wear my crinoline, Mr. Inquisitive, because I *choose*, Sir! There now!"

LITERARY.

James Russell Lowell's POEMS, in blue and gold, from the press of Ticknor & Fields, form an admirable continuation of the series. The position of Mr. Lowell among American poets is not very exactly defined. His writings are not uniform either in their character or in their success. At times in his satire he is as keen as ever was Horace, at times he descends to as low commonplaces as the same variable old satirist. So in his higher works. Many of his poems are artistic in the highest degree, many possess exceeding beauty of thought and rhythm, while many were perhaps better never published. But this is the poet's license, which all poets have availed themselves of. Enough for the present that these two volumes are most welcome to the drawing-room table, and will make familiar in a great many houses some of those delicate touches of pathos which we have always regarded as the crowning excellence of Mr. Lowell's writings.

The "Biglow Papers," are for the first time acknowledged by Mr. Lowell in these volumes. By the way, could he have had any notion of writing against political clergymen, when he hit off this well-known verse?

"Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life
 Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swaller-tail-coats,
An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,
 To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em votes;
  But John P.
  Robinson he
Sez they didn't knew every-thin' down in Judee."

The whole reading and studying world has long needed such a work as is now supplied by the publication of Arthur Helps's SPANISH CONQUEST IN AMERICA, by Harper & Brothers. This work is a clear, well-judged, and philosophical history of the advance of that dominion on this continent, with special reference to the history of slavery and to the government of colonies. Other isolated works have had great and just popularity, but we venture to say that no student of Prescott will regret the publication of Helps. On the contrary, he will find it a marvelous assistant to the right understanding of the eloquent American historian, and he will also find that which Prescott's limited field does not allow him to go into, a thorough history of the relations of each conquest to that which preceded and that which followed, or was contemporary with it.

A peculiarity which adds interest to the work of Mr. Helps as it advances is, that he does not attempt to discuss any questions with other modern writers, but distinctly avows that he has not read them; preferring to issue a work from original sources, and allow his results to be compared with those of other historians, his fellow-laborers. Few stories of veritable history are so thrilling as these. The Crusades and the Battles of the Cross alone rival them in romantic interest. It needs only a careful and polished relater to make the pages which record these stories luminous even to brilliancy. Mr. Helps's style is well suited to his subject. It is brief, terse, forcible, and not without ornament. He feels his work, and at times, when he relates an incident of peculiar interest, he writes with great eloquence and power.

As a book of reference, containing the condensation of history of early Spanish America, there is no substitute for these volumes, which must find their place in all libraries.

The Young Men's Christian Association of London had a series of LECTURES delivered before them in the winter of 1856 and 1857, which Carter & Brothers publish in one volume. The lecturers were learned and distinguished men, and their lectures are worth reading as they were worth hearing. From one, by Rev. Samuel Martin, on Gambling, we learn a few items that may repay a little consideration. The German watering-places, of course, have the most notorious gambling hells in the world. When the National Assembly, in 1849, resolved to close all public gaming banks, the great *bath* cities opposed it vehemently. Wiesbaden demanded compensation for the injury (!) done that city, in 4,272,728 florins, Homburg several millions, Baden Baden upward of 6,000,000. The ten licensed gambling-houses in Paris in 1848 drew in 325,000,000 francs per annum! The Baden Baden bank pays the Government annually 120,000 florins tax! From forty to fifty croupiers stand in the service of this one bank. The shareholders of the Homburg bank divided last year 75 per cent. on their capital! In Prussia the Government receives an annual tax from lotteries of 1,750,000 florins, and 3000 families live by the sale of tickets.

This is a terrible record. There are many more curious and fearful statistics in this volume which will repay perusal.

THE EPICURE'S RECEIPT-BOOK, published by Harper & Brothers, is the prince of cookery-books. Here is a simple, brief, and condensed summary of all the dishes that a plain country man ordinarily wants, or that Apicius ever dreamed of, with notes on the wholesomeness or unwholesomeness of each of them, by a physician who loves good eating, but not too well to express his opinion candidly. The book will be found one of the most valuable and available extant; not overloaded with nonsensical mixtures that exist only in theory, and disgust the cook as well as the eater, but containing all that is necessary to a perfect, well-regulated, and elegant kitchen arrangement.

Apropos of health, we have a volume of the contributions to the American Medical Association, containing ESSAYS ON THE SECRETORY AND EXCITO-SECRETORY SYSTEM OF NERVES, by Dr. Henry F. Campbell, of Georgia, published by Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, in which we doubt not the medical faculty throughout the country will be interested, inasmuch as Dr. Campbell claims, with reason, to be the discoverer of the Excito-Secretory System, in opposition to an eminent English surgeon.

The fine Boston edition of Waverley (Ticknor & Fields), to which we have frequently called the attention of our readers, has reached THE ABBOT. The illustrations are Queen Mary's Escape, and Roland Graeme at St. Cuthbert's cell. No one who does not possess a copy of Scott should omit this excellent opportunity to own a cheap and elegant edition.

ENGLISH HANDS AND ENGLISH HEARTS, by the author of the Memorials of Captain Headley Vicars (published by Carter & Brothers), is a curious book. The author had peculiar opportunities for acquaintance with the laboring classes, three thousand of whom were at work on the Crystal Palace and its grounds near her residence. She subsequently became closely associated with the corps sent out to the Crimea to work in the trenches and on the railway there. The book contains personal incidents in the lives of many of these laborers, showing the heart that is in a stout Englishman, and the good soul he has. Many of the scenes are touching, and not a little beautiful. The memorials of Captain Vicars has become a very popular work, and the author is well known from that book.

PARTHENIA is the title of a novel by Mrs. E. B. Lee, published by Ticknor & Fields, of which the heroine is a Christian lady in the time of Julian the Apostate, who is one of the *dramatis personæ*. There are some rather dubious theological points raised in the course of the book, but it is in the main remarkably faithful to history.

Not long since two ladies died in this city, whose names were well known to our citizens, and whose father was once well known throughout the country. These were the daughters of Mr. Jay, the first Chief Justice of the United States, Mrs. Banyer and Miss Jay. Rev. Dr. M'Vickar has prepared a MEMORIAL of these two most excellent sisters, whose benevolence was world-wide, and Stanford and Delisser of this city publish it in a small volume. The Memorial contains many personal recollections and extracts from the correspondence of the ladies, and forms a remarkable picture of earnest, faithful, woman-work for the good of the world in which they lived.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, January 18th, in the Senate, Mr. Seward presented a petition for the gradual extinction of slavery; laid on the table. A resolution was adopted, on motion of Senator Chandler, for information respecting the employment of the United States troops in Kansas. A bill was introduced by Senator Harlan, granting land to Iowa for railroad purposes. A bill was passed permitting the Arctic voyagers to accept the British medals. The special order on the affairs of Kansas having been taken up, the rest of the day was occupied by Senator Hale in a speech on the affairs of that Territory.——In the House a number of bills were introduced, namely: By Mr. Taylor, of New York, to promote the useful arts, and to regulate the granting of patents for inventions; by Mr. Kelly, a bill to secure homesteads to actual settlers on the public domain; by Mr. Bennett, of New York, a bill to establish a railroad and telegraph line to the Pacific for postal and military purposes; by Mr. Florence, a bill for the ascertainment and settlement of claims of the French spoliations; by Mr. Morris, of Pennsylvania, a bill of international copyright; by Mr. Grow, a bill to prevent the future sale of public lands by proclamation of the President, until the same shall have been surveyed at least fifteen years; by Mr. Letcher, a bill establishing a branch mint in the city of New York—referred to the Committee on Ways and Means; by Mr. Dowdell, a bill to repeal the fishing bounties act; by Mr. Cobb, a bill granting to Alabama and other States having unsold lands therein, those which have been in the market thirty years and upward; by Mr. Quitman, a bill to repeal certain sections of the Neutrality law—referred to the Judiciary Committee. The Speaker appointed an Investigating Committee into the $87,000 affair. On motion of Mr. Keitt, the President was requested to communicate all correspondence between the United States and France in reference to privateering. Mr. Campbell offered a resolution requesting the President to negotiate for the annexation of Cuba, Canada, and the British possessions generally; objected to. Mr. Giddings offered a resolution censuring the Dred Scott decision; objected to. Mr. Humphrey Marshall offered a resolution providing that no foreigners should be electors save those admitted under the general naturalization laws; objected to. A resolution was adopted, on motion of Mr Zollicoffer, inquiring into the expediency of checking the import of foreign paupers and criminals. A resolution was adopted for the appointment of a select committee to inquire into the accounts of the late Door-keeper.

On Tuesday, the Senate received the Convention between Denmark and the United States on the Sound Dues. Senator Gwin reported a bill authorizing the President to contract for the transportation of troops and baggage by rail from the Missouri to San Francisco. The Committee of Commerce reported back the bill repealing the fishing bounties. Senator Wilson introduced a bill amending the Half-pay Act. Senator Seward moved, and the Senate adopted, a resolution inquiring into the revival of the slave-trade on the coast of Africa. Senator Houston announced the death of Senator Rusk, and the remainder of the day was devoted to eulogies on his memory, by Senators Houston, Collamer, Gwin, and Seward.——In the House, Mr. Cochrane presented a petition for the appropriation of the public lands to actual settlers. The Speaker appointed a committee to inquire into the late Door-keeper's accounts. A special committee was appointed to report upon a bill for the distribution of clerks and messengers at Washington among the States and Territories. Mr. Greenwood proposed a resolution to inquire into negro stealing in the Indian country; objected to. Eulogies on the late Senator Rusk were then pronounced by Messrs. Reagan, Keitt, Jackson, Quitman, and Clerk.

On Wednesday, in the Senate, Senator Iverson introduced a bill to retire disabled officers of the Army and Marine corps, and gave notice of a bill to alter the regulations of the Military Academy. The rest of the day was occupied by Senator Hale's speech on Kansas affairs.——In the House, the following among other bills were introduced: By Mr. Scott, to increase the safety of steam vessels; by Mr. M'Kibben, to grant alternate sections of land to California for railroad purposes; by Mr. Davis, the French spoliation bill. The House then debated that portion of the Message relating to the Pacific Railroad, which, after speeches by Messrs. Maynard, Greenwood, Bennett, Letcher, Harris, Washburn, Florence, Seward, Davis, and Leiter, was referred to a select committee.

On Thursday, in the Senate, Senator Yulee reported, and the Senate adopted, a resolution inquiring what was yet due to Florida volunteers. Senator Jones, from the Committee on Public Lands, reported back the Homestead bill. Senator Davis, from the Military Committee, reported back the bill to increase the army. Senator Bayard, from the Judiciary Committee, reported a resolution for taking evidence on the Bright and Fitch contested seat case; laid over. The motion to present Commodore Paulding with a medal was then taken up, and speeches were made by Senators Clay, Doolittle, Brown, and Pugh.——In the House, Mr. Kunkel was excused from serving on the Investigating Committee. Bills were reported, making various appropriations, from the Committee on Ways and Means, and from the Committee on Commerce, to refund duties paid on goods burned in New York in 1845, and to provide for a uniform code of marine signals. Various other reports from the Standing Committees were made.

On Friday, the Senate not being in session, the House refused to adopt a resolution of Mr. Zollicoffer's for information on the Utah question. A bill was introduced by Mr. Winter Davis for the improvement of the Patapsco. Some debate followed on the Pacific railroad: Messrs. Billinghurst and Warren were the speakers. Some appointments were made by the Speaker, and the House adjourned.

THE NEUTRALITY LAWS.

The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations have agreed upon a report to be presented this week, sustaining generally the President's Central American Message, believing with him that Commodore Paulding went beyond his legitimate limits in arresting the filibusters on Nicaraguan soil, and recommending an amendment of the Neutrality laws, so as to hold as prisoners for trial all offenders captured in the prosecution of their hostile plans against nations with which we are at peace.

APPOINTMENTS AND CONFIRMATIONS.

William G. L. Smith, of Buffalo, has been appointed by the President Consul to Shanghai; Mr. Miller, of Utica, Consul to Rio Janeiro. Mr. Vail, of New Jersey, has received a first-class consulate. Stoke L. Roberts, of Pennsylvania, has been appointed Consul to Trinidad de Cuba. Mr. Sacrineote, of Pennsylvania, Consul to Venice. Mr. Wayman, of Kentucky, Consul to Vera Cruz. Mr. Fuller, Consul to Hamburg. John G. Barr, of Alabama, Consul to Melbourne, Australia.

Colonel Williams, of Tennessee, is understood to have accepted the mission to Constantinople. William Ritchie, the husband of Anna Cora Mowatt, is spoken of for the mission to Naples. Brooke D. Williams, of Georgetown, brother of Madame Bodisco, is to be appointed United States Consul at Revel, Russia.

The Senate has confirmed Mr. Lamar as Minister to Nicaragua, and General Denver as Governor of Kansas. The extradition treaty with the Netherlands has also been confirmed.

THE OLD QUARREL WITH NEW GRANADA.

Dispatches received by the last mail from New Granada state that there is no prospect of the ratification of the treaty recently negotiated between the United States and that republic. They seem determined to make no restitution for the losses of our citizens, and are equally opposed to letting the United States have the island in the Bay of Panama. Unless they come to a decision pretty shortly, our Government will send a naval force there which will bring them to terms. The Administration is determined to take prompt action in this matter, and dispatches to that effect will go out in next mail.

THE FEMALE LOBBY AT WASHINGTON.

The Washington correspondent says:

The female lobby is here in full strength. Many suppose that lobbying is particularly confined to broadcloth and cassimere; but the fact is, silk, crinoline, and other fixings operate largely in the lobby, and exert a more powerful influence upon particular legislation than is generally supposed. There is not a *soirée*, or hop, or social gathering that our fair lobbyists do not improve the opportunity to present some private claim in the most attractive light, and you may believe that a pouting lip and a languishing eye is more potent with members than the most artful scheming of the male bipeds. We have at this time a perfect army of beautiful and intelligent women in the federal capital, including literary celebrities, strong minded and bloomers. From my perch in the gallery I think I can notice a kind of anxiety on the part of sundry members as they look up at the female portion of the gallery. In fact, I believe more speeches are made to that quarter than to the Speaker's chair. The daily attendance of ladies is quite large, and much interest in the proceedings is exhibited by the fair occupants of the east gallery.

THE LATEST NEWS FROM THE UTAH EXPEDITION.

The dispatches received at the War Department from Colonel Johnston, dated November 30, confirm the previous reports of excessive suffering and great loss of draught animals by snow storms, cold, and starvation. A sufficient number of oxen, though poor, had been saved to supply part rations in six days of the week, and there was on hand enough bacon for one day of the same period for seven months; also flour and small rations. The storm dealt roughly with Colonel Cook's command. He lost half of his horses, besides a number of mules. Further advance toward Salt Lake City can not be made without a new supply of such animals, to procure which Captain Marcy had been dispatched to New Mexico, for their use early in spring, when the army, with a volunteer force 2000 strong, will assume its march as soon as supplied with horses and mules, and when the grass on the mountains is sufficient to sustain them. Two volunteer companies have been mustered into the service for nine months, and it is expected that in a few days two more will be mustered in. The troops have borne the dangers and privations of the march with patience and cheerfulness. They are in fine health, although some of the regiments are still suffering from frost-bites. Another letter from an officer of the army says that "the Mormons are afraid of mounted men. They are a set of cowards, like all assassins and robbers;" and he fears that their leaders, and those who have no claim in the valley, will run away and require their deluded followers to destroy their property, lest it may benefit the army.

WHAT THE UTAH EXPEDITION WILL COST.

The War Department has asked Congress for an appropriation of $1,224,000, to pay for four millions eight hundred and eighty thousand rations, for the subsistence of the Utah expedition for twenty months from the 1st July next—that amount being required for 5306 soldiers, 200 women, 300 servants, and 1894 employés—aggregate, 8000.

THE ELECTIONS IN KANSAS.

On 13th January the returns of the Kansas elections of 21st December and 4th January were opened by General Calhoun, in presence of Governor Denver, the President of the Council, and the Speaker of the House. The results were as follows:

The votes on the 21st December for the Constitution "with Slavery," was 6063, and for the Constitution "without Slavery," 526. Of these votes, 3562 are said to have been polled in precincts containing not over a thousand inhabitants.

At the election on the 4th instant the majority against the Lecompton Constitution was 10,226.

For Governor the vote was: Smith (Free State), 6238; Marshall (Democrat), 6539. For Congress, Parrot (Free State) received 6623, and Carr (Democrat), 6568. To the Senate thirteen Free-State men and six Democrats are elected; and to the House, twenty-nine Free-State men, and fourteen Democrats.

The Territorial Legislature has appointed a committee to inquire into the alleged frauds. General Calhoun is hourly expected at Washington with the Lecompton Constitution, and Mr. Stanton with the remonstrances of the Legislature.

PERSONAL.

The greatest ball of the season at Washington was given last week by Senator Douglas. Over two thousand guests were present. The newspaper correspondents are eloquent upon the beauty and grace of Mrs. Douglas.

A Washington correspondent thus describes Lawrence M. Keitt, a very truculent filibuster indeed: "His action is like that of a gymnast on the stage. The birth of ideas was never before attended with such throes. He shakes his head laterally and vertically in the most alarming manner. It is bobbing around incessantly while he is speaking. His chin frequently threatens his breast, like Punch when engaged in conjugal but fierce debate. His frown is a denunciation, his voice a challenge. Notwithstanding all this extravagance of gesture and manner, he possesses genuine talents. He has the fire and fancy of an orator, though disguised in a melodramatic style. Though turgid, he is seldom trite, and his store of ideas, imagery, and language seems to be inexhaustible. He is a young man, of good size, and seemingly robust constitution."

Mr. Buchanan has been indisposed with a cold, and refused to receive visitors on Saturday in consequence.

It is understood in official circles that Captain Meigs, the Superintendent of the Capitol Extension, will certainly be removed, on account of extravagant expenditures and arbitrary conduct. It is not yet determined who is to take his place.

Monsieur Blondel, whose appointment as Belgian Minister to the United States is announced, is the gentleman who represented Belgium at the Court of the Sultan from the spring of 1849 to the summer of last year, when, owing to his alleged undue interference in the Danubian Principalities question, his recall was requested by the Turkish Government. King Leopold and his advisers having declined the request of the Porte, the latter sent the offending Minister his passports, and a partial rupture of diplomatic relations took place between the Courts of Brussels and Constantinople. Previous to Mr. Blondel's appointment as Minister in Turkey, he was many years Belgian Consul-General in Egypt. He is said to possess considerable diplomatic talent, is somewhat distinguished as a scholar, and is suspected of belonging to the clerical or ultramontane party in Belgium.

Hall's Journal of Health mentions what it calls an "instructive and alarming fact" in reference to the Wall Street forger, recently sent to the Penitentiary. It was proven on the trial that he was never seen down town without having a cigar in his mouth; that he was never well. On entering the prison smoking was absolutely and at once prohibited by an inflexible rule. In three months he gained fifteen pounds in flesh, and his general health was improved in proportion.

The last act of Governor Pollock, of Pennsylvania, was the pardoning of John Capie, who, six years since, was implicated with Emmons in killing a man in a street-brawl in Southwark.

Mr. Allibone, late President of the Bank of Pennsylvania, having returned to Philadelphia from Europe, publishes a card in his own defense against the assaults made upon him in his absence. He sets forth the reasons of his resignation of the Presidency and departure from the country; denounces the affidavit of the Directors against him as a cruel and unjust procedure; states that illness demanded his retirement from active business in the manner he did; and declares that he left unconscious of wrong-doing, and moreover adds that some of the Directors who swore to the affidavit which charges him with being an absconding debtor, accompanied him to the wharf and expressed warm friendship for him. Mr. Allibone avers his complete innocence of any of the frauds charged to him, and states that, had the Directors apprised him of their intention to proceed against him, he would have returned to the country immediately. The card is manly and straightforward, and puts the case in a new aspect.

General William Walker arrived at Petersburg, Virginia, on the 15th inst., and was greeted by a considerable number of citizens. He remained during the day at the Bollingbrook Hotel. Efforts were made to induce him to prolong his visit, but he disregarded the solicitations, saying that it was essential that he should be in Mobile at an early period. He accordingly left for that destination in the evening.

The Vicksburg *True Southerner* notices the fact that Senator Douglas has disposed of his plantation in Mississippi. The negroes of the plantation will be transferred to Louisiana. A partnership has been formed with a gentleman of New Orleans to carry on the plantation business in Louisiana. The partner is now in the Northern part of the State, looking after a place to locate the force—which is numbered at a hundred hands.

John B. Roberston, the Rochester banker, accused of conspiring to compass the death of his wife by poison, has been acquitted by the Jury after four hours' deliberation. This verdict created much excitement in Rochester.

The *Journal of Commerce* announces that Mr. Arthur Tappan, one of the founders of that paper, "will act as agent for the American Reform Tract and Book Society, and for the American Missionary Society. The former is located at Cincinnati, the latter at New York. Both are strongly anti-slavery."

Rev. William H. Milburn, well known as "the blind preacher," has delivered two of a series of three lectures on "Christian Poetry," before respectable, though not very large audiences, in the new chapel of the M. E. Church, corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street.

John B. Miller, editor of the Utica *Observer*, who has been offered the post of Consul at Hamburg, has not, says the Albany *Argus*, positively decided to accept. The nominal salary is $2000.

Mr. Paul Morphy, who won chess laurels at the New York Convention, has been chosen President of the Chess Club of New Orleans, and proposes to play two matches blindfolded, after the manner of Paulse.

A writer in the *States* says: "My fair readers will remember a terrible domestic *muss* in Boston last year, in which a young fellow named Sumner was so beaten that he died, giving rise to all sorts of suits for manslaughter, divorce, and other naughty matters. Well, a gentleman here just from Kansas, tells me that this same Mr. Frank Dalton and his wife have made friends, determined to live in peace, and are now quietly settled at Lawrence, where he is doing business."

The Albany *Journal* says: "The medal voted by the Legislature of New York to the late Dr. E. K. Kane is of pure gold, and weighs sixteen ounces Troy. The devices are in bold relief, not stamped, but sculptured. On one side are two figures in Arctic costume, looking out on a sparkling expanse of ocean, with a midnight sun in the horizon; on the other, the arms of the State of New York. The medal has been presented to Judge Kane of the United States Circuit Court, the father of the deceased. It was taken to Philadelphia by Henry I. Seaman, the private Secretary of Governor King, and transferred by him in the presence of a small company of the friends of Dr. Kane, assembled for the occasion.

The captain of a Mississippi steamer has started a morning paper on board his boat, called the *Bulletin*. He issues it regularly, serves it to customers at stopping places, and fills it with news and pleasant gossip. He is one of the veterans of river navigation, having followed that calling for twenty-seven years. It is proposed especially to make the paper the organ of the river boatmen. A newspaper with a floating place of publication is certainly a novelty.

A man named Ital Curties has lately died in Bristol, Connecticut, who for the last forty years has slept and

eaten his morning meal in barns in the neighborhood, declining all invitations, even in the coldest weather, to do otherwise. He has left a fair property.

The *Commercial Advertiser* says: "We understand that Governor Hunt has it in contemplation to write a continuation of the Political History of New York, commencing with the adoption of our present State Constitution. We shall look for a calm and enlightened exposition of the causes which produced the organic changes adopted by the people in 1846, and the practical bearing of the new Constitution upon our political, moral, and material progress. Although Governor Hunt has been an actor on the stage, bearing no unimportant part in some of the events which he will have occasion to record and elucidate, we feel persuaded that he will carry into the historical office a spirit of justice and impartiality, which will commend his work to intelligent men of all parties.

Thomas Washington Smith, who has just been acquitted on his trial for the murder of Richard Carter, the seducer of his wife, on the ground of insanity, has applied to the Legislature of Pennsylvania for a divorce.

A correspondent of the *Evening Post* says: "On Tuesday afternoon, a young lady in Brooklyn determined that she would no longer remain 'in maiden meditation fancy free,' and without the fear of parental authority, and without saying 'By your leave, Sir,' put on her bridal habiliments and walked into the P——e H——e, and said to her lover, 'We must be married this afternoon.' He, not to be outdone by his lady-love in the ardor of passion, accepted at once the proposal, and, crossing over to this city, found a clergyman 'who made them one' in the 'eye of the law.' They returned to the P——e H——e, when the bride of an hour sent a note to her 'dear papa,' saying, in the politest possible manner:

"'Dear Papa: I am no longer Miss ——, but Mrs. ——.'

"This last marriage in haste will be a subject of conversation on the 'Heights' until the next one comes off."

It is reported that Mr. Damrell, Representative in Congress from the third Massachusetts district, is about to resign, his disease having made such progress that he is scarcely able to write his name.

Governor King has commuted the sentence of young Cummings to imprisonment for life. Cummings has for some time been suffering with a wasting illness, induced by long confinement and agony of mind.

At a recent meeting of Spiritualists in Dodworth's Hall, a prominent professor of the faith opened by saying it was customary in religious assemblies to read a portion of divine truth; and that he would begin the exercises of the occasion by reading *a portion of divine truth according to Theodore Parker*. He accordingly read an extract from one of Mr. Parker's discourses.

The rural districts of Massachusetts send practical men to the Legislature. A Boston paper tells the following: "One of our merchants, while sitting in his counting-room cogitating upon the hard times, had his reveries disturbed by the entrance of a gentleman. 'Do you want any fust-rate brooms?' 'No,' he replied, 'we have a full supply.' 'I've got some very cheap,' was the rejoinder. 'I made 'em myself, and I'm a member of the Legislater.'"

Vague rumors are current to the effect that a still more startling "case" than any that has yet transpired at Rochester is soon to be developed. It is said that a man of high standing "disposed" of his wife by sewing her up in a sheet and smothering her; and that she was subsequently laid out in the usual way and buried without exciting suspicion!

A course of lectures in aid of the aged and infirm, under the care of the Ladies' Union Aid Society, is now progressing at the Clinton Hall Lecture Room, Astor Place. The third of the series was delivered by Rev. J. P. Durbin, D.D., the subject being "Paul considered as a Man rather than as an Apostle."

The following story is told of Colonel Benton: Speaking of the Douglas defection, he remarked, "We hear much said about the people that Douglas will take off. He has not taken off the people—*the people have taken off Douglas, Sir*."

The Haverhill *Gazette* states that the wife of Mr. M. A. Tidd, of Georgetown, gave birth to four children one day last week, three of whom are still living. A year ago last June she gave birth to three at one time, all of whom are doing well.

Father Waldo, the venerable clergyman, late chaplain of the House of Representatives, who is rapidly approaching the hundredth year of his age, is dangerously ill near Syracuse.

The lecture of the season, in Brooklyn, was that of Mr. G. W. Curtis, on Sir Philip Sydney, delivered on Thursday evening, 20th instant, at the Brooklyn Institute, before a very large and delighted audience. We understand that Mr. Curtis will repeat his lecture, by special request, for the benefit of the new Mercantile Library Association of Brooklyn.

Signor Ronconi, agent of one of the Opera companies performing in Havana, drew the capital prize of $30,000, in the lottery of the 15th ultimo in that city. The number of his ticket was 11,794.

Rev. Mr. Lakeman, a clergyman, of Abington, Mass., was suddenly attacked by insanity last week. He scattered his clothes along the railroad track, and entered a friend's house, in Middleborough, by breaking through the windows, and was discovered inside in a raving condition and in a state of nudity. He was placed in confinement.

At a Cincinnati hotel, last week, two ladies retiring to rest were frightened by the discovery of a fellow concealed under the bed, who grasped the ankle of one of the ladies. There was a prodigious outcry in the house about that time, but in the confusion the culprit escaped.

Mr. Banks is the twentieth person who has filled the gubernatorial chair of Massachusetts during the seventy-seven years since the adoption of the State Constitution. Mr. Banks is the fifth Governor who did not receive a majority of the votes in Boston.

Saxe, the poet, delivered a poem on "The Press," in Yonkers, last week. It was full of sparkling hits and *bon mots*.

TUCKERMAN THE MAIL ROBBER.

A letter in the Hartford *Times* gives interesting particulars of the manner in which Tuckerman was first detected in dishonest practices:

"Tuckerman is a gentlemanly-looking man, thirty-seven years of age. He was formerly the Treasurer of the Eastern Railway Company, which runs from Boston to Maine, and the Directors had great confidence in him, as he was a mild, inoffensive, 'clever' fellow. They did not properly examine his accounts. The result was a defalcation of between one and two hundred thousand dollars. When this fact was discovered, the officers of the road did not feel inclined to prosecute such a 'fine, clever fellow.' But an old man, in a rural district, who owned one or two shares of stock, sent a letter to Tuckerman, represented that his interests had been injured by the defalcation, and that unless he (Tuckerman) would send him four or five hundred dollars, he would prosecute him. Tuckerman, under the advice of counsel, refused to comply with the request. The old man was as good as his word. He had legal proceedings instituted against Tuckerman, and he was put under bonds to the amount of $16,000. He procured these bonds, and then went to work at the United States mails to mend his fortunes.

"The amount of ready money obtained by him is not known. He was arrested about the time that a decision was to have been rendered upon some important point in his defalcation case. That case will hang over him till the mail robbery affair is settled, be the time longer or shorter."

THE LADY WITH THE RED PETTICOAT.

The Washington correspondent of *The Pennsylvanian* says of the red petticoat, recently introduced by the wife of the British Minister Ousely:

"There is an English literary lady now in this city, whose dress, known in London as the 'peasant costume,' has caused quite a stir among the fashionables. The dress consists of a red and black striped petticoat, descending within six inches of the feet, over which is worn a dress of the usual length, but hooped up to the height of the skirt. A 'dreadnought' overcoat, with gilt buttons, serves to keep out the cold and damp; while a straw hat screens the head, and real, genuine long-legged boots protect the feet. I do not think the dress is very neat or pretty, but it is novel, and that is something. It is considered an improvement on the Bloomer costume. In all the mud of a Washington winter it is a much better dress than the street-sweeping machines which have so long prevailed."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

LAUNCH OF THE "LEVIATHAN."

THE arrangements in connection with the launch were proceeded with on Tuesday, 5th January, and the results were satisfactory. On Thursday, shortly after nine o'clock, Mr. Brunel took his usual stand upon his elevated platform, and a pressure was at once applied to the vessel of about twenty-five cwt. to the circular inch. The ship at once obeyed this power, and moved in starts of three, four, and five inches. A slight mischief occurred in consequence of the bow chain failing, and this caused a temporary check in the hauling power. An increased strain came upon one of the anchors on the Deptford shore, which brought away the piles. There was no cessation, however, in the hydraulic pressure, and the vessel continued her movements. At noon she had advanced four feet two inches at the bow, and five feet four inches at the stern. At this period the distance she had traversed to the extremity of the ways aft (low-water mark) was measured by a Thames police boat's crew, in charge of Mr. Inspector Borlase, and found to be 64 feet 6¼ inches. At two o'clock she was moved six feet two inches at the bow, and seven feet three inches at the stern. The launching was continued throughout the following day. The total result was an advance of twelve feet eight inches aft, and eleven feet forward. The vibration of the earth consequent upon each slip of the vessel was more violent and more continuous than has ever been experienced at the yard hitherto. The *Leviathan* has now only some 61 feet more to go.

HOW A DETECTIVE WAS CAUGHT.

There is a story afloat, which may be true, but which we should hardly have expected to hear of its hero—one of the 'cutest detectives of the North of England. The telegraph had heralded the arrival of a lady of nimble fingers, and Detective ——, as pre-eminently sharp, had been sent to the railway station. The train arrived; a lady, answering to the description, alighted; but, surely, *she* could be no pickpocket! Detective —— felt that he must be on his guard, or an action for false imprisonment might fall upon his shoulders. He made stealthy advances to our heroine—followed her as her shadow—introduced himself politely—was received graciously. They found themselves in the same hotel—drank wine together—and, thanks to the Demoiselle, Detective —— had a (drugged?) cigar. Never was more courteous dame—'twas incredible she should be light-fingered. Mr. Detective must be cautious in his conclusions. The wine—(could there be any thing somnific in the cup?)—overcame him—and he slept. He also dreamed; and, in fulfillment of his dream, the day was gone when he awoke: and his watch was gone, too! He was now thoroughly satisfied.

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS.

The Emperor, although not seriously ill—for he drove himself in a phaeton about the streets of Paris a few days ago—has some temporary affection which prevents him walking easily. He has been seen in the reserved garden of the Tuileries, leaning on the arm of an attendant and limping very much.

The Napoleon dynasty is about to receive another guarantee of permanence. Information has been given to the newspaper correspondents that the Empress of France has, by the advice of her medical attendants, left off riding.

COURT FASHIONS.

A Paris letter in the *Independance* of Brussels, gives some details of the ladies' dresses at the reception at the French court on New-Year's Eve: "The Empress wore a crimson velvet mantle, embroidered with gold, and her Majesty was positively dazzling with diamonds. Contrary to the custom observed last year, her Majesty had no one to bear her train. Among the ladies present, the toilets were especially remarked of Mrs. Baring, sister of the Duke de Bassano, who had a dress and court mantle of moire antique of pale green; the Duchess d'Istrie, a dress shot with silver, edged with red, and a rose-colored mantle, Madame Poujade, niece of the Caimacan of Wallachia, a dress of blue satin, and a mantle of the same material ornamented with bouquets of flowers and cherries, which produced a charming effect, and Baroness de Brigode, a white satin dress and mantle of great elegance."

DEATH OF MADAME RACHEL.

Mademoiselle Rachel, the celebrated French actress, almost as well known in the United States of late as in her own country, has departed this life. She expired on Sunday, 3d January, at her estate in Cannes. During her recent professional visit to this country her constitution, never strong, received so severe a shock that she never recovered from it. In her peculiar walk in the drama, Mademoiselle Rachel had no superior in our time.

A SLEEPY BRIDE.

The *Journal des Débats* tells of a young couple who went to a church at Lyons to be married. During the time the ecclesiastic who presided at the ceremony was addressing them the bride fell into a most profound sleep, which lasted till the moment came at which the young husband was to put the nuptial ring on the finger of his drowsy partner, but, on perceiving her state of unconsciousness, he was, as may readily be believed, shocked and irritated at such a flagrant disregard of all decency. After the conclusion of the ceremony he informed his bride's friends that he would not live with her; and, giving them 2000 francs for her, as stipulated in the contract, left her.

THE NEW SLAVE-TRADE.

The Paris *Constitutionnel* boldly commends the system which the French Government has adopted of purchasing negroes on the coast of Africa, and carrying them to compulsory service in the French Antilles, and argues that in no other manner can prosperity be restored to them, and ridicules the opposition of English philanthropists. However, a dispatch from Paris says there is no doubt that the Emperor will not renew the contract for supplying the French colonies with negroes.

HOW THE PRESS IS KEPT UNDER.

The press has been "invited" to refrain from giving particulars about duels and duelists, with a view to arrest the rage for single combat, which seems on the increase, and which in some late instances has been attended with serious results. It is contemplated to "invite" the press also to eschew philosophical and religious discussions. This is a condescension to the clergy. The subjects which journalists will be allowed to treat on are narrowing their circle each day, until, "fine by degrees and beautifully less," they will soon reach the impalpable condition alluded to by the ingenuous Barber of Seville. The *Estafette* will probably not be long in the land of the living, as its *quietus* is said to be every moment expected by the editors.

PRUSSIA.

CONFIRMED IMBECILITY OF THE KING.

The public life of the King of Prussia is terminated. His intellect is gone, and he is a mere wreck. All hopes of his ultimate recovery have disappeared, and in this state of affairs the idea of a regency has been abandoned. Extraordinary powers, it is said, will be conferred on the Prince of Prussia during the time his relative exists, but the domestic and foreign relations of the country will continue as before. There is some talk of the elevation of Prince Frederick William to the throne.

AUSTRIA.

DEATH OF MARSHAL RADETZKY.

Marshal Radetzky, who has played so prominent a part in the history of the Austrian empire during the last seventy years, has recently expired at the advanced age of ninety-two. He was looked upon in his native country with respect allied to enthusiasm. In the wars against the first Napoleon his powers as a commander were brought out to great advantage, and when the Austrian empire was in the crisis of its fate, ten years ago, it was saved through the bravery and skill of the old soldier, then upward of eighty. A biographical sketch of this remarkable man embodies the history of Central Europe from the breaking out of the first French Revolution down to the time when Charles Albert attempted, unsuccessfully, to drive the Austrians out of Italy. To the last his vitality was almost unimpaired. Soldiers, who in early life are compelled to live by rule, generally attain a great age when they adhere to their early discipline.

GERMANY.

A ROBBER OF HAIR.

The *Augsburg Gazette* states that great consternation has been caused among the females in that city by the fact of some individual prowling about the streets and cutting off the hair of any young girl he meets alone. He accomplishes the mischief, it states, by first placing a bottle containing something which causes a feeling of stupefaction under the person's nose, and then adroitly depriving her of her tresses. A reward has been offered for his apprehension.

ITALY.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT NAPLES.

The *Times'* correspondent, writing on the 29th of December, says:

"The details which continue to arrive from the provinces of Basilicata and Principato Citeriore are of the most distressing character, and are much more explicit. Full as they are, however, they do not give us one-tenth part of the injury that has been inflicted, partly because the authorities will not make them known, and partly because they are not as yet informed of the greater portion of them. The official journal of Saturday night contains the names of 46 other townships, hitherto unnamed, which have suffered severely, and yet all are not mentioned. Of these it is said some are a mass of ruins; others leveled with the ground; others almost entirely destroyed, churches, dwelling-houses, and all. In some workmen are pulling down the houses, and in others large fissures are opened in the ground. Out of these 46 places 20 are reported to have lost some portion of their population. Of one it is said 100 corpses have been taken out; of another 70; and it is expected that 300 will be found; but of the amount of the disaster an alarming ignorance is professed by such terms as these—'Molte vittime, non tutte dissepolite,' 'Moltissimi periti—è ignoto il numero; grande ma ignoto il numero delle vittime' (many victims, not all unburied; vast numbers perished, the number not yet known; great, but unknown, the number of victims). It is my opinion, therefore, that what have been called the exaggerations of the public much more nearly approximate to the truth than the scanty and uncertain information communicated by the official journal. According to it, 3655 bodies have already been dug out—a fearful number to think of—to which, if are added the 'moltissimi periti,' the number of whom is as yet unknown, we shall not be very much startled at the medium statement given of about 13,000 or 14,000 victims."

WHAT NEAPOLITANS DO WHEN THEY ARE FRIGHTENED.

The same correspondent adds: "The proverb which says that 'it is an ill wind that blows nobody good,' was never more strongly exemplified than in the case of this earthquake. One might suppose it difficult that such a calamitous convulsion of nature should bring benefit to any class, but we learn that it has filled the pockets of the barbers of Naples. The Neapolitans are in the habit, when any thing occurs to shock or terrify them, of getting themselves bled. I am ignorant in what this curious custom originated—whether those who persevere in it can assign for it a plausible reason—but it is certain that after a violent emotion most Neapolitans would consider themselves in peril if they had not immediate recourse to phlebotomy. I know a Neapolitan gentleman who was once sought after by the police for political causes. He was well concealed, and ultimately escaped; but his father's house was searched, to the great alarm of the family, and the *sbirri* had hardly left it when the barber was called in to bleed every member of the household. Now it is difficult to imagine a severer shock to the system than that of an earthquake, and we can imagine the dire consternation that prevailed at Naples when, at ten at night, houses rocked, chandeliers swung to and fro, and furniture was overturned, as described in the letters of your correspondents and others; and, accordingly, we need not be surprised to learn that the barbers and their lancets were in immediate request, and, in fact, could not meet the demand for their services. It is estimated that 30,000 persons were bled."

INDIA.

DEATH OF GENERAL HAVELOCK.

General Havelock died on the 25th of November, from dysentery, brought on by exposure and anxiety.

FIGHTS WITH THE GWALIOR MUTINEERS.

On the 27th November an affair took place near Cawnpore between General Windham and his Division and the Gwalior Mutineers, in which the British troops retreated with the total loss of the tents of the 64th, 82d, and 88th Regiments, 300 in number, which were burned by the enemy. The 64th Regiment is reported as nearly cut up. A message received by the Governor-General from Sir Colin Campbell, of the 7th December, contains an account of an action fought by him with the Gwalior contingent, near Cawnpore, in which the latter were totally defeated, with the loss of 16 guns, 26 carriages of different sorts, an immense quantity of ammunition, stores, grain, bullocks, and the whole of the baggage of the force. The British loss was insignificant. One officer only killed—Lieut. Salmon. All the women and children, sick, etc., from Lucknow, have arrived safely in Allahabad.

THE FUTURE OF INDIA.

It is currently reported that a modified representative system is to be established, the representatives to form a Lower House and a Supreme Council. A Governor-general will be appointed as at present. The seat of government for the three presidencies to be at Calcutta, as at present. With respect to the reorganization of the Bengal army, it is understood that 60,000 Europeans will be the maximum allowed for the army of India. The remainder of the army is to be composed of Africans, Affghans, Sikhs, Goorkahs, and the natives of India proper. The armies of the three presidencies will be consolidated, and the troops, instead of being confined to one district, will be obliged, as is the case with the British army, to serve in all. Caste will every where be discouraged, and each regiment will contain an admixture of Hindoos. Enlisting for the new Indian cavalry brigade has begun.

HOW THE KING OF DELHI IS TREATED.

The Lahore *Chronicle* says: Accounts continue to describe that wretched old man of Delhi as being indulged in a way that is a disgrace to the authorities. He is said to be surrounded with the insignia of royalty, chobdars, a large retinue of servants, etc., and to give himself airs. Such things might have been tolerated in the munificently pensioned shadow of a prince, harmless and honest, but they are a gross insult to our butchered country people, when permitted in the head and prime mover of a rebellion that has led to such lamentable results. Unfortunately, the life of the villain can not be taken, but the present system pursued toward him induces the belief that something more than life has been "guaranteed;" and we should not be in the least surprised to learn next that he has been promised his pension, with a few lacs extra, to compensate him for the damage to his palace, and loss of property sustained in his vigorous efforts to overturn British rule in India!

HOW HE GOT POMMELED BY A SOLDIER.

An eye-witness, writing to Simla, declares that while there a soldier, who had vowed that he would kill the King during the storm at the palace if he could find him, rushed past the sentries, and began to belabor the unfortunate and guilty monarch with his fists, saying "Take that, and that, and that, you pig;" and was obliged to be dragged off by his comrades. The outrage on the wretched decrepit prisoner was a very sad one, and, to a reasonable man, utterly unjustifiable. But the men are scarcely reasonable just now, when they come across Sepoys and the authors of those frightful atrocities which have never till now been inflicted on their countrywomen, even in the darkest pages of our history.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF DELHI.

A correspondent writes: "We have seen the captive King and royal family; they are in ruinous little rooms in one of the gates of the palace. The old King looks very frail, and has a blank, fixed eye, as one on whom life is closing. He certainly is too old to be responsible for any thing that has been done. With his sons much more guilt may lie; some have been shot, as you must have read, some are yet untaken. The youngest son we saw looking like fifteen—they say eighteen—bold and coarse to look at. He is the only child of the queen. With her some of our ladies have had a long interview; they found her seated on a common charpoy (bedstead), dressed in white cotton clothes, with few and very trifling ornaments, all her grand things having been taken from her. She is described as short and stout, above thirty years of age, with a round, animated face, not at all pretty, but having pretty little plump hands. She was cutting betel-nut to eat with her pawn. Some thirty females, relatives and menials, surrounded her. She professes the utmost horror of the 3d cavalry, to whom she traces all her misfortunes. She says that the King was helpless to control them, and that, when their arrival had placed Delhi in rebellion against us, they were as ready to rob her as any one else. She says the mutineers did rob the palace, and that all her jewels were only saved by being buried. She does not seem to blame us for their present captivity; she understands the necessity for inquiring into guilty or innocent parties, but she did not seem to assert the King's innocence as much as her own. She said she had been in the hands of bad people. There appeared to be frightful rivalries among the women. It is said she criminated the sons of the former wives, she being the last. Her sister is represented as much better looking than herself, and has a daughter of thirteen married to the King's youngest son, already mentioned, and reputed very beautiful. Our ladies describe her as having superb large eyes, and a most beautiful little mouth, but her face otherwise too flat and full. Some of the women told them they had had English women and children in the palace after the massacre, in hope of preserving them, but that the mutineers demanded them and could not be resisted. They say the Sepoys complained that the King was feeding English women daintily, while he only gave them gram for food. Heaven knows if the royal family be clean in heart and hand or not. I say nothing sentimental about them, but I pity them."

THE KING OF DELHI'S INSTRUMENT OF DEATH.

The following has been communicated to the Poona *Observer*: "It appears from a journal of a European traveler that a new and fearful mode of execution had been adopted by the King of Delhi. The instrument and process are thus described: A box, each side of which is fifteen feet square, is constructed of timber eighteen inches thick, dovetailed together, and braced with iron rods. The outside of the bottom of the box is covered with a plate of beaten iron, one inch in thickness. The interior is filled with perfect cubes of granite, weighing in the aggregate several thousand tons. A machine is erected after the manner of an ordinary pile-driver, but of course on an enormous scale, and of tremendous strength. The mass is raised by powerful machinery, cast in Birmingham for the express purpose, though it is to be presumed that the machinist by whom the work was furnished had no idea of the horrid purpose for which it was intended. The human victim is placed upon a block of granite, of a corresponding surface, buried in the earth immediately beneath the enormous mass, and covered with a plate of iron. At a signal given by the vicramadack, the executioner touches a spring, the mass falls, and the victim, crushed at once, is suddenly annihilated, and spread out like a sheet of pasteboard! The huge weight being again raised, the flattened body is withdrawn, and dried in the sun. When completely prepared, it is hung over the wall of a public building, there to serve as a warning to the multitude."

ONE OF THE SCENES AT CAWNPORE.

One of the survivors, in referring to the massacre at Cawnpore, relates the following: "A poor woman, of the name of White, was walking along the trenches with her husband, and nursing her children (twins) in her arms; some fiend fired at them, killed the man, and broke both the poor woman's arms. The children fell to the ground, one of them wounded. Then followed a scene which can only be imagined. Fancy the poor woman throwing herself down beside her children, and not being able to assist them on account of the wounds she had received. Another woman, who was in a wretched state bordering on starvation, was seen to go out of the protection of the trenches, with a child in each hand, and stand where the fire was the heaviest, hoping that some bullet might relieve her and her little ones from the troubles they were enduring. But she was brought back, poor thing! to die a more tedious death than she had intended for herself. Here you saw poor Mrs. W. hit by a ball in the face, just by the nostril, passing through the palate of the mouth, and making its exit by the jaw; and by her side you saw her daughter, who, although she was badly wounded in her shoulder, was doing all she could to alleviate the sufferings of her unfortunate mother. Poor creatures! they both died of their wounds. Then you saw an unfortunate native servant, who had remained faithful to her mistress, and was nursing her infant under the protection of the walls of the barrack, as she imagined; but all of a sudden you saw her knocked over, and the child hurled out of her arms, and, on examination, you found both her legs cut clean off by a round shot, but the child was picked up uninjured."

THE NAVAL BRIGADE IN INDIA.

The following is from a private letter from Cawnpore: "Peel's Jacks are roaming about camp in a remarkably free-and-easy manner. Queer fish these amphibious gentlemen are. One, Crusoe-like, has quite a menagerie in his 'cabin,' as he calls his pall. Rough and ready, rollicking boys they are, and present a striking contrast to the prim dragoons you now and then meet striding majestically along. I hear that the 'nagurs' have a horrible dread of them, having been told by some inventive individual that they were cannibals, and that it was their habit to eat their fill of the slain, and salt the remainder down for future use; and that accounted for each man carrying a clasp knife by his side."

THE FAMILY OF LIEUTENANT SALKELD.

The Rev. Sydney G. Osborne writes thus to the *Times* respecting the family of the gallant Lieutenant Salkeld, who led the forlorn hope at Delhi, and was killed at the gate:

"His father, a clergyman in Dorsetshire, by a reverse of fortune some years since, was, with a large family, reduced, I may say, to utter poverty. This, his soldier-son, supported out of his own professional income one of his brothers at school, helping a sister, obliged to earn her own bread as a governess, to put another brother to school. Just before his death he had saved a sum of £1000, which was in the bank at Delhi, and was therefore lost to him, and, more than this, it was lost to the honorable purpose to which, as a son and brother, he had devoted it. In his native county, as your advertising columns of last week will have informed you, it was determined to erect a monument to his memory by subscription. Cadetships have been given to two of his young brothers; it is now wisely resolved that, while the memorial which is to hand down his name to posterity in connection with his glorious death shall be all that is necessary for the purpose, every farthing collected beyond the sum necessary for this shall be expended as he would have desired—for the good of these young brothers.

"*Punch*—first in his particular line of fun, but ever ready to be among the foremost to point where modest want needs the aid it will never beg—has told of the calling of poor Salkeld's sister. She, I believe, would be the last of that valuable but tried sisterhood to which she belongs to dream of asking for aught she can not earn. Still, Sir, let the benevolent not for one moment doubt but that in helping those she with her poor brother spared not themselves to help, they will lighten many an hour of that life which, I fear, must for a long time yet be one the future of which will have its own clouds."

THE UTAH EXPEDITION.—[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

FORT BRIDGER, U. T., *December* 1, 1857.

OUR progress thus far has been very dull and uninteresting. The march from Fort Laramie to Fort Bridger has enabled us to realize the retreat from Moscow by the remains of the Great Army, forty-five years ago. The Mormons had destroyed all the grass: we could barely find willows and sage bushes in sufficient quantity to keep our fires going. Cold set in soon after we departed, and with it snow-storms. On the high land the thermometer frequently marked several degrees below zero; and in many places the snow was so deep as to interpose a very serious obstacle to locomotion. The cattle, of course, were the first to feel the inconveniences of the march. For the last four hundred miles of our journey the mortality among horses, mules, and horned cattle was very large. It was quite common of a morning to find a dead ox lying near the door of one's tent. The road to Fort Bridger, like the Isthmus of Panamá in the early days of Californian enterprise, will be found next summer fenced in with bones. I am led to believe that the rear guard of the army under Colonel Cook were obliged to leave behind them much valuable property from want of cattle to transport it. Some have estimated the loss of cattle as high as one hundred head per day. Certain it seems that when the spring enables us to undertake active operations we shall have no transport or cavalry.

We were not molested either by Indians or by Mormons on the march. Three trains traveling without proper escort, and at a distance from the main body, have been captured and burned by the Mormons, and a quantity of valuable clothing, together with some provisions, and probably our whole store of salt destroyed. We have, however, provisions enough to last us, with ordinary economy, till the time arrives for an assault upon Salt Lake City. The colonel commanding has just issued an order cutting down the daily rations and depriving the officers of their extras. As to salt, of which article we are lamentably deficient, it is understood that a supply is on the way from the East, and Captain Marcy has been sent off toward New Mexico to procure a supply. Brigham Young sent in a wagon-load as a present; but Colonel Johnston sent it back with a message that the next Mormon who arrived without a flag of truce would be fired upon. I see no probability of the army suffering seriously either from hunger or cold. The health of the troops thus far has been excellent, and with proper precautions there is no reason why it should not continue to be satisfactory.

We are at present encamped on Black's Fort, in the vicinity of and around Fort Bridger. This fort is an old trading-post, owned by a Major Bridger, who has been in these parts for many years. The commander has leased the fort, and is rebuilding and fortifying it, so as to provide a safe retreat in case of disaster. In a very short time it can be rendered impregnable. In many respects the locality is admirable as a basis of operations. There is round the fort plenty of wood for fuel, and the stream contains excellent water. As to distances, we are 113 miles from Salt Lake City, 30 miles from Ham's Fork, and 380 miles from Fort Laramie. Had we cattle, we could sweep the whole country between this and the cañons; as it is, the Mormons have the advantage of us; their cavalry arm is excellent, their horses strong and well fed, their guerillas indefatigable. They hover round us, trying to pick up stragglers, stampede cattle, and burn trains; and so long as they keep out of gun range they are safe.

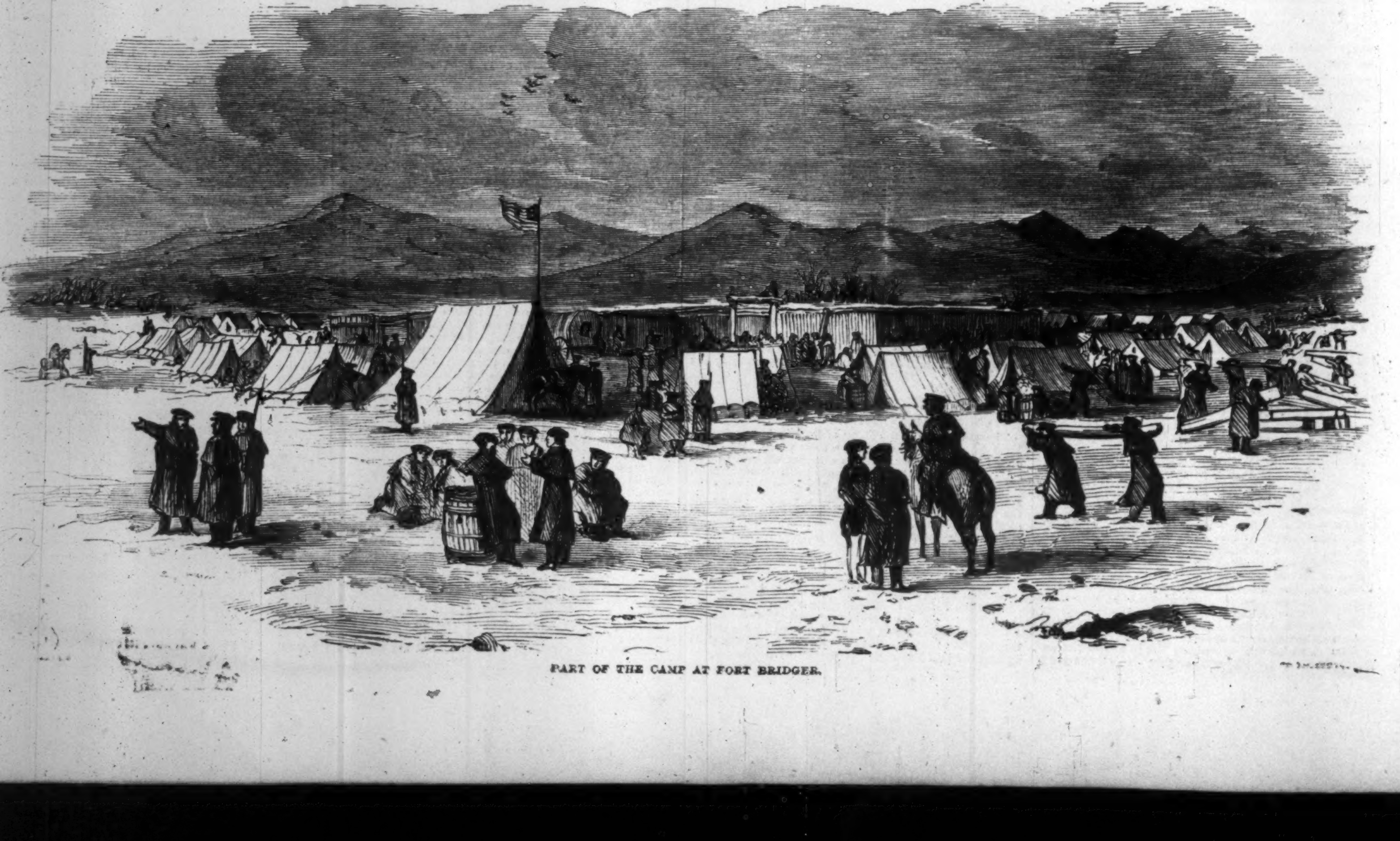
There is a strong feeling in the army in favor of an immediate advance on Salt Lake City. I have no doubt—if the thing were proposed—that every man of the expedition would cheerfully agree to encounter Mormons, snow, and cold, in order to exchange our camp life for comfortable winter-quarters in the city. But this is not to be. Our commander has resolved—probably in accordance with orders from head-quarters—that we shall remain where we are for the present; the failure of the expedition—for such really seems to be the proper term—will at least have the advantage of giving us something to think about during the long, dreary winter. No doubt, on other and graver grounds, Colonel Johnston's decision is judicious. From the best accounts, it seems that the Mormon force encamped between us and the city amounts to full five thousand men of all arms. We have less than one-third this number; for of course the teamsters and army followers can not be relied upon for offensive operations.

We have resigned ourselves, therefore, to make the best of our position, and are trying to make ourselves comfortable. Some of the officers and the civil officials are building houses on the Armenian plan, partly underground, with a wooden roof, which the snow will render air-tight. I have no doubt that these huts will be comfortable, warm, dry, and snug. Tents are, however, the order of the day among the army, and, with a due amount of blankets, and a corresponding supply of fuel for the stove, we calculate to exist through the winter without more suffering than every soldier in active service must expect.

The weather latterly has been very mild, and at times the ground has been bare of snow. At this season I am told, by persons acquainted with the locality, that the snow is usually several feet deep.

Governor Cumming and Chief-Justice Eckels are preparing for activity. The former has sent proclamations to Salt Lake City declaring that he will proceed against any individuals found in rebellion according to the law; and the Chief-Justice has opened a Court for the trial of offenders. This seems an amusing proceeding at the crisis at which affairs have arrived. From

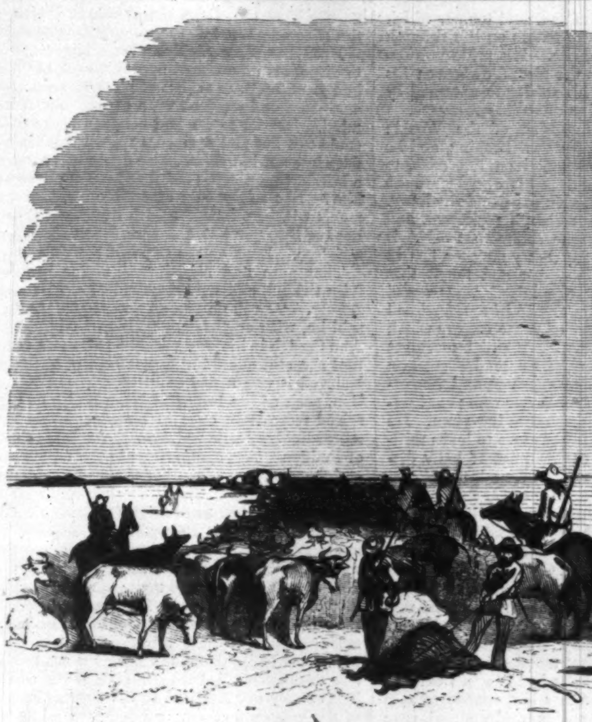
COLONEL JOHNSTON, COMMANDING UTAH EXPEDITION.



PART OF THE CAMP AT FORT BRIDGER.

all we can learn of Brigham Young's views, and the state of feeling at Salt Lake City, two courses of action are being debated—the first, to leave Utah in the spring, and seek a refuge in the British Territory in the north; the second, to submit to the entrance of the army, and make the best terms possible with the new Governor. As Governor Cumming has declared that he does not propose to interfere with the Mormon matrimonial arrangements, it is quite likely that a number of Mormons may prefer submitting to his authority to losing the improvements they have made on their land in Utah. On the other hand, Brigham Young's acts have been so glaringly defiant of the authority of the United States—the burning of the supply-trains amounts, I suppose, to an actual levying of war—that there is very little hope for him, should he fall into the hands of the army. He will, therefore, be quite likely to take an early opportunity of placing himself beyond Colonel Johnston's reach, by flying to the British country. Whether he will venture upon a preliminary brush with the army is, of course, a matter of conjecture. It is asserted by persons who pretend to know, that the rank and file of the Mormons are more governed by feeling than by reason, and that they will not yield without a struggle. They regard themselves as martyrs to their faith. It is supposed here that Colonel Johnston has made up his mind that there will be no fighting, though the arrangements for the winter are as careful as if we were in a foreign enemy's country. For my own part, I can not bring myself to believe that the Mormons will actually shed their blood in the cause.

We have four ladies in camp, all of whom, I am happy to say, are well, and bear cheerfully the privations and discomforts of camp-life. We propose, when the work of preparing for the cold is over, to get up some amusements for the troops and ourselves. I should not be surprised if we gave balls which were as successful as any in your own Fifth Avenue. There is also some talk of theatricals. Whether we are to fight or not, we have made up our minds to be as merry for the present as the circumstances will admit.



A TRAIN ON THE PLAINS.

Of Colonel Johnston, the commanding officer of the Utah Expedition, we have the following memoir. The portrait is from a daguerreotype in the possession of an intimate friend; the memoir by that distinguished officer and citizen, Colonel Preston, of Kentucky.

Albert Sidney Johnston was born in Mason County, Kentucky, in 1803. His father was a physician of education and high character, from the vicinity of Salisbury, in Connecticut, who emigrated to Kentucky before the adoption of the Constitution of the United States. His eldest son, Josiah Stoddard Johnston, was a statesman of signal ability, and was returned to the Senate of the United States from Louisiana. He was the confidential friend of Mr. Clay, and his second in his duel with Randolph. Sidney Johnston was sent by his father, at an early age, to the school of Dr. Lewis Marshall, a brother of Chief-Justice Marshall, one of the most learned and accomplished scholars of his day. Afterward he was placed at Transylvania University, where he had nearly completed a liberal education when his brother, discerning the peculiar bent of his mind, induced him to go to West Point. He graduated at the Military Academy, and received a commission in the 6th Regiment of Infantry. During his academic course he was highly distinguished for his attainments in mathematics and the severer studies of his profession, being almost at the head of his classes; but he displayed little aptitude for languages and the lighter branches of learning. He entered the army, and was ordered to the West, where he was selected as Adjutant-General during the Black Hawk war, by the commander, General Atkinson, and, though young, earned a high reputation for gallantry, energy, and judgment. After the cessation of hostilities he resigned his commission, with the intention of residing upon a plantation near St. Louis; but afterward, during the struggle between Mexico and Texas, he left the United States. He arrived in Texas not long after the battle of San Jacinto, and while the contest was in progress enrolled himself as a private soldier in the army, and rose rapidly to high command. At that time the forces of Texas, under the command of General Felix Huston, a Kentuckian of rash and impetuous courage, but of noble and generous impulses, was collected for the defense of the infant republic. Johnston was elected to supersede him in the command. When he arrived Huston chose to consider himself affronted upon an imaginary point of etiquette, and challenged him the day after he assumed the command. Johnston at once accepted the challenge, and a meeting ensued, in which he was wounded—as it was feared, mortally—by his antagonist, who was an admirable shot. The friend and second of Johnston, thinking he was dying, muttered that the matter should not rest, but would be avenged by him. Johnston turned to him, and said, "It is my request, in the event of my death, that you shall yield obedience to my second in command, General Huston; and I trust you will not, by such conduct, promote a spirit of insubordination." Huston afterward became the friend of Johnston, and always spoke of him with the highest consideration and respect.

A MOUNTAIN PILOT.

ADVANCED SENTRY.

General Johnston afterward was appointed Secretary of War in Texas, and organized the expedition under Burleson, in 1839, against the Cherokees. He was present in person at the decisive engagement, on the River Nueces, in which the Cherokees, seven hundred strong, were routed by the Texans. In his department he manifested not only skill as a soldier in every emergency, but ability and discretion as a civilian. He became an ardent advocate for the annexation of Texas to the United States, and used all the influence he possessed to secure its consummation. Subsequently, when war was declared against Mexico, and he was in private life, residing upon his plantation in Brazoria County, General Taylor wrote to him from Point Isabel, and requested him to join him immediately. Johnston at once volunteered as a private soldier, collected a few friends, appointed a rendezvous at Point Isabel, and, as there were no vessels, mounted his horse, and joined General Taylor. Two Texan regiments assembled, and Johnston was elected Colonel of one, and the celebrated partisan officer, Jack Haye, was elected Colonel of the other. Johnston's regiment was disbanded before the battle of Monterey, but he was unwilling to leave the scene of active operations, and went forward with the army. He was appointed Inspector-General, by Taylor, of General William O. Butler's division, and accepted the place. He was present at Monterey; and during a heavy fire upon Mitchell's Ohio regiment, of which the Colonel fell wounded, displayed the most conspicuous coolness, gallantry, and skill. His horse was thrice shot, but he escaped unwounded. He was thanked in his dispatches by General Butler for his conduct on that memorable occasion, and was urged by General Taylor for the post of Brigadier-General, in preference to numbers of brave and skillful officers under his command. The commission was subsequently bestowed upon Caleb Cushing.

After his service in Mexico Johnston again returned to his plantation. When he went to Texas he possessed a sufficient fortune, which, however, had become impaired from the necessary neglect of his private affairs. Naturally independent in character, and punctual in the fulfillment of his obligations, he set to work on his place, when General Taylor, then President, tendered him the appointment of Paymaster, with the rank of Major, as it was then the only appropriate place within his gift. Johnston held the commission for several years, until the new regiments were levied, when the Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, who knew his skill as a soldier, and his high character for

INTERIOR OF AN OFFICER'S TENT.

worth and ability, and who had known him at West Point, and had seen him in the field, appointed him Colonel of the 2d Cavalry. Since that time Johnston has been chiefly employed as commanding officer of the Southwestern Military Department.

When the recent troubles in Utah occurred Johnston was ordered to Washington, and the general opinion of the army, as well as the judgment of the President, indicated him as the proper officer to be intrusted with the command. Thus far he has pushed forward with extraordinary energy, notwithstanding the inclement season of the year, the snows of the mountains, and the numberless impediments to the march of an army under such circumstances.

Colonel Johnston is now in the matured vigor of manhood. He is above six feet in height, strongly and powerfully formed, with a grave, dignified, and commanding presence. His features are strongly marked, showing his Scottish lineage, and denote great resolution and composure of character. His complexion, naturally fair, is, from exposure, a deep brown. His habits are abstemious and temperate, and no excess has impaired his powerful constitution. His mind is clear, strong, and well cultivated. His manner is courteous, but rather grave and silent. He has many devoted friends, but they have been won and secured rather by the native dignity and nobility of his character than by his powers of address. He is a man of strong will and ardent temper, but his whole bearing testifies the self-control he has acquired. As a soldier he stands very high in the opinion of the army. As an instance of this it may be mentioned that, in a large assembly of officers and gentlemen, the gallant and impetuous Worth, when asked who was the best soldier he had ever known, replied, "I consider Sidney Johnston the best soldier I ever knew."

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER XI.

A man of the world, having accepted a troublesome charge, considers "what he will do with it;" and having promptly decided, is sure, first, that he could not have done better; and, secondly, that much may be said to prove that he could not have done worse.

RESERVING to a later occasion any more detailed description of Colonel Morley, it suffices for the present to say that he was a man of a very fine understanding, as applied to the special world in which he lived. Though no one had a more numerous circle of friends, and though with many of those friends he was on that footing of familiar intimacy which Darrell's active career once, and his rigid seclusion of late, could not have established with any idle denizen of that brilliant society in which Colonel Morley moved and had his being, yet to Alban Morley's heart (a heart not easily reached) no friend was so dear as Guy Darrell. They had entered Eton on the same day—left it the same day—lodged while there in the same house; and though of very different characters, formed one of those strong, imperishable, brotherly affections which the Fates weave into the very woof of existence.

Darrell's recommendation would have secured to any young *protégé* Colonel Morley's gracious welcome and invaluable advice. But both as Darrell's acknowledged kinsman and as Charles Haughton's son, Lionel called forth his kindliest sentiments, and obtained his most sagacious deliberations. He had already seen the boy several times before waiting on Mrs. Haughton, deeming it would please her to defer his visit until she could receive him in all the glories of Gloucester Place; and he had taken Lionel into high favor, and deemed him worthy of a conspicuous place in the world. Though Darrell, in his letter to Colonel Morley, had emphatically distinguished the position of Lionel, as a favored kinsman, from that of a presumptive or even a probable heir, yet the rich man had also added—"But I wish him to take rank as the representative to the Haughtons; and, whatever I may do with the bulk of my fortune, I shall insure to him a liberal independence. The completion of his education, the adequate allowance to him, the choice of a profession, are matters in which I entreat you to act for yourself, as if you were his guardian.—I am leaving England—I may be abroad for years." Colonel Morley, in accepting the responsibilities thus pressed on him, brought to bear upon his charge subtle discrimination as well as conscientious anxiety.

He saw that Lionel's heart was set upon the military profession, and that his power of application seemed lukewarm and desultory when not cheered and concentred by enthusiasm, and would, therefore, fail him if directed to studies which had no immediate reference to the objects of his ambition. The Colonel accordingly dismissed the idea of sending him for three years to a University. Alban Morley summed up his theories on the collegiate ordeal in these succinct aphorisms: "Nothing so good as a University education, nor worse than a University without its education. Better throw a youth at once into the wider sphere of a capital, provided you there secure to his social life the ordinary checks of good company, the restraints imposed by the presence of decorous women, and men of grave years and dignified repute, than confine him to the exclusive society of youths of his own age—the age of wild spirits and unreflecting imitation—unless he cling to the safeguard which is found in hard reading, less by the book-knowledge it bestows than by the serious and preoccupied mind which it abstracts from the coarser temptations."

But Lionel, younger in character than in years, was too boyish as yet to be safely consigned to those trials of tact and temper which await the neophyte who enters on life through the doors of a mess-room. His pride was too morbid—too much on the alert for offense; his frankness too crude, his spirit too untamed by the insensible discipline of social commerce.

Quoth the observant Man of the World: "Place his honor in his own keeping, and he will carry it about with him on full cock, to blow off a friend's head or his own before the end of the first month. Huffy—decidedly huffy. And of all causes that disturb regiments, and induce court-martials, the commonest cause is a huffy lad! Pity! for that youngster has in him the right metal—spirit and talent that should make him a first-rate soldier. It would be time well spent, that should join professional studies with that degree of polite culture which gives dignity and cures *huffiness*. I must get him out of London, out of England—cut him off from his mother's apron-strings, and the particular friends of his poor father who prowl unannounced into the widow's drawing-room. He shall go to Paris—no better place to learn military theories, and be civilized out of huffy dispositions. No doubt my old friend, the chevalier, who has the art strategic at his finger-ends, might be induced to take him *en pension*, direct his studies, and keep him out of harm's way. I can secure to him the *entrée* into the circles of the rigid old Faubourg St. Germain, where manners are best bred, and household ties most respected. Besides, as I am so often at Paris myself, I shall have him under my eye; and a few years there spent in completing him as man may bring him nearer to that marshal's baton which every recruit should have in his eye, than if I started him at once, a raw boy, unable to take care of himself as an ensign, and unfitted, save by mechanical routine, to take care of others, should he live to buy the grade of a colonel."

The plans thus promptly formed Alban Morley briefly explained to Lionel, when the boy came to breakfast in Curzon Street, requesting him to obtain Mrs. Haughton's acquiescence in that exercise of the discretionary powers with which he had been invested by Mr. Darrell. To Lionel the proposition that commended the very studies to which his tastes directed his ambition, and placed his initiation into responsible manhood among scenes bright to his fancy, because new to his experience, seemed, of course, the perfection of wisdom.

Less readily pleased was poor Mrs. Haughton when her son returned to communicate the arrangement, backing a polite and well-worded letter from the Colonel with his own more artless eloquence. Instantly she flew off on the wing of her "little tempers." "What! her only son taken from her—sent to that horrid Continent, just when she was so respectably settled! What was the good of money if she was to be parted from her boy? Mr. Darrell might take the money back if he pleased—she would write and tell him so. Colonel Morley had no feeling; and she was shocked to think Lionel was in such unnatural hands. She saw very plainly that he no longer cared for her—a serpent's tooth, etc., etc." But as soon as the burst was over the sky cleared, and Mrs. Haughton became penitent and sensible. Then her grief for Lionel's loss was diverted by preparations for his departure. There was his wardrobe to see to—a patent portmanteau to purchase and to fill. And, all done, the last evening mother and son spent together, though painful at the moment, it would be happiness for both hereafter to recall! Their hands clasped in each other—her head leaning on his young shoulder—her tears kissed so soothingly away. And soft words of kindly, motherly counsel—sweet promises of filial performance. Happy, thrice happy, as an after remembrance, be the final parting between hopeful son and fearful parent, at the foot of that mystic bridge which starts from the threshold of Home—lost in the dimness of the far-opposing shore!—bridge over which goes the boy who will never return but as the man.

CHAPTER XII.

The Pocket-Cannibal baits his woman's trap with love-letters—And a widow allured steals timidly toward it from under the weeds.

JASPER LOSELY is beginning to be hard up! The infallible calculation at *rouge-et-noir* has carried off all that capital which had accumulated from the savings of the young gentlemen whom Dolly Poole had contributed to his exchequer. Poole himself is beset by duns, and pathetically observes "that he has lost three stone in weight, and that he believes the calves to his legs are gone to enlarge his liver."

Jasper is compelled to put down his cabriolet—to discharge his groom—to retire from his fashionable lodgings; and just when the prospect even of a dinner becomes dim, he bethinks himself of Arabella Crane, and remembers that she promised him £5, nay, £10, which are still due from her. He calls—he is received like the prodigal son. Nay, to his own surprise, he finds Mrs. Crane has made her house much more inviting—the drawing-rooms are cleaned up; the addition of a few easy articles of furniture gives them quite a comfortable air. She herself has improved in costume—though her favorite color still remains iron-gray. She informs Jasper that she fully expected him—that these preparations are in his honor—that she has engaged a very good cook—that she hopes he will dine with her when not better engaged; in short, let him feel himself at home in Podden Place.

Jasper at first suspected a sinister design, under civilities that his conscience told him were unmerited—a design to entrap him into that matrimonial alliance which he had so ungallantly scouted, and from which he still recoiled with an abhorrence which man is not justified in feeling for any connubial partner less preternaturally terrific than the Witch of Endor or the Bleeding Nun!

But Mrs. Crane quickly and candidly hastened to dispel his ungenerous apprehensions. "She had given up," she said, "all ideas so preposterous—love and wedlock were equally out of her mind. But ill as he had behaved to her, she could not but feel a sincere regard for him—a deep interest in his fate. He ought still to make a brilliant marriage—did that idea not occur to him? She might help him there with her woman's wit. In short," said Mrs. Crane, pinching her lips, "in short, Jasper, I feel for you as a *mother*. Look on me as such!"

That pure and affectionate notion wonderfully tickled, and egregiously delighted Jasper Losely. "Look on you as a mother! I will," said he, with emphasis. "Best of creatures!" And though in his own mind he had not a doubt that she still adored him (not as a mother), he believed it was a disinterested, devoted adoration, such as the beautiful brute really had inspired more than once in his abominable life. Accordingly, he moved into the neighborhood of Podden Place, contenting himself with a second-floor bedroom in a house recommended to him by Mrs. Crane, and taking his meals at his adopted mother's with filial familiarity. She expressed a desire to make Mr. Poole's acquaintance—Jasper hastened to present that worthy. Mrs. Crane invited Samuel Dolly to dine one day, to sup the next; she lent him £3 to redeem his dress-coat from pawn, and she gave him medicaments for the relief of his headache.

Samuel Dolly venerated her as a most superior woman—envied Jasper such a "mother." Thus easily did Arabella Crane possess herself of the existence of Jasper Losely. Lightly her fingers closed over it—lightly as the fisherman's over the captivated trout. And whatever her generosity, it was not carried to imprudence. She just gave to Jasper enough to bring him within her power—she had no idea of ruining herself by larger supplies—she concealed from him the extent of her income (which was in chief part derived from house rents), the amount of her savings, even the name of her banker. And if he carried off to the *rouge-et-noir* table the coins he obtained from her, and came for more, Mrs. Crane put on the look of a mother incensed—mild but awful—and scolded as mothers sometimes can scold. Jasper Losely began to be frightened at Mrs. Crane's scoldings. And he had not that power over her, which, though arrogated by a lover, is denied to an adopted son. His mind, relieved from the habitual distraction of the gambling-table—for which the resource was wanting—settled with redoubled ardor on the image of Mrs. Haughton. He had called at her house several times since the fatal day on which he had met there Colonel Morley, but Mrs. Haughton was never at home. And as, when the answer was given to him by the footman, he had more than once, on crossing the street, seen herself through the window, it was clear that his acquaintance was not courted. Jasper Losely, by habit, was the reverse of a pertinacious and troublesome suitor—not, Heaven knows, from want of audacity, but from excess of self-love. Where a lovelace so superb condescended to make overtures, a Clarissa so tasteless as to decline them deserved and experienced his contempt. Besides, steadfast and prolonged pursuit of any object, however important and attractive, was alien to the levity and fickleness of his temper. But in this instance he had other motives than those on the surface for unusual perseverance.

A man like Jasper Losely never reposes implicit confidence in any one. He is garrulous, indiscreet—lets out much that Machiavel would have advised him not to disclose; but he invariably has nooks and corners in his mind which he keeps to himself. Jasper did not confide to his adopted mother his designs upon his intended bride. But she knew them through Poole, to whom he was more frank; and when she saw him looking over her select and severe library—taking therefrom the *Polite Letter-Writer* and the *Elegant Extracts*, Mrs. Crane divined at once that Jasper Losely was meditating the effect of epistolary seduction upon the widow of Gloucester Place.

Jasper did not write a bad love-letter in the florid style. He had at his command, in especial, certain poetical quotations, the effect of which repeated experience had assured him to be as potent upon the female breast as the incantations or *Carmina* of the ancient sorcery. The following in particular:

> "Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
> I ne'er could injure you."

Another—generally to be applied when confessing that his career had been interestingly wild, and would, if pity were denied him, be pathetically short:

> "When he who adores thee has left but the name
> Of his faults and his follies behind."

Armed with these quotations—many a sentence from the *Polite Letter-Writer* or the *Elegant Extracts*—and a quire of rose-edged paper, Losely sat down to Ovidian composition. But as he approached the close of Epistle the First, it occurred to him that a signature and address were necessary. The address not difficult. He could give Poole's (hence his confidence to that gentleman)—Poole had a lodging in Bury Street, St. James, a fashionable locality for single men. But the name required more consideration. There were insuperable objections against signing his own to any person who might be in communication with Mr. Darrell—a pity, for there was a good old family of the name of Losely. A name of aristocratic sound might indeed be readily borrowed from any lordly proprietor thereof without asking a formal consent. But this loan was exposed to danger. Mrs. Haughton might very naturally mention such name, as borne by her husband's friend, to Colonel Morley, and Colonel Morley would most probably know enough of the connec[illegible]s and relations of any peer so honored to say, "There is no such Greville, Cavendish, or Talbot." But Jasper Losely was not without fertility of invention and readiness of resource. A grand idea, worthy of a master, and proving that, if the man had not been a rogue in grain, he could have been reared into a very clever politician, flashed across him. He would sign himself "SMITH." Nobody could say there is no such SMITH; nobody could say that a Smith might not be a most respectable, fashionable, highly connected man. There are Smiths who are millionaires—Smiths who are large-acred squires—substantial baronets—peers of England, and pillars of the State—members even of the British Cabinet. You can no more question a man's right to be a Smith than his right to be a Briton; and wide as the diversity of rank, lineage, virtue, and genius in Britons, is the diversity in Smiths. But still a name so generic often affects a definitive precursor. Jasper signed himself "J. COURTENAY SMITH."

He called, and left Epistle the First with his own kid-gloved hand, inquiring first if Mrs. Haughton were at home, and, responded to in the negative, this time, he asked for her son. "Her son was gone abroad with Colonel Morley." Jasper, though sorry to lose present hold over the boy, was consoled at learning that the Colonel was off the ground. More sanguine of success, he glanced up at the window, and, sure that Mrs. Haughton was there, though he saw her not, lifted his hat with as melancholy an expression of reproach as he could throw into his face.

The villain could not have found a moment in Mrs. Haughton's widowed life so propitious to his chance of success. In her lodging-house at Pimlico, the good lady had been too incessantly occupied for that idle train of reverie in which, the poets assure us, that Cupid finds leisure to whet his arrows, and take his aim. Had Lionel still been by her side—had even Colonel Morley been in town—her affection for the one, her awe of the other, would have been her safeguards. But alone in that fine new house—no friends, no acquaintances as yet—no dear visiting circle on which to expend the desire of talk and the zest for innocent excitement that are natural to ladies of an active mind and a nervous temperament, the sudden obtrusion of a suitor so respectfully ardent—oh, it is not to be denied that the temptation was IMMENSE!

And when that note, so neatly folded—so elegantly sealed—lay in her irresolute hand, the widow could not but feel that she was still young, still pretty; and her heart flew back to the day when the linen-draper's fair daughter had been the cynosure of the provincial High Street—when young officers had lounged to and fro the pavement, looking in at her window—when ogles and notes had alike beset her, and the dark eyes of the irresistible Charlie Haughton had first taught her pulse to tremble. And in her hand lies the letter of Charlie Haughton's particular friend. She breaks the seal. She reads—a declaration!

Five letters in five days did Jasper write. In the course of those letters, he explains away the causes for suspicion which Colonel Morley had so ungenerously suggested. He is no longer anonymous—he is J. Courtenay Smith. He alludes incidentally to the precocious age in which he had become "lord of himself, that heritage of woe." This accounts for his friendship with a man so much his senior as the late Charlie. He confesses that, in the vortex of dissipation, his hereditary estates have disappeared; but he has still a genteel independence; and with the woman of his heart, etc., etc. He had never before known what real love was, etc. "Pleasure had fired his maddening soul;" "but the heart—the heart been lonely still." He entreated only a personal interview, even though to be rejected—scorned. Still, when "he who adored her had left but the name," etc., etc. Alas! alas! as Mrs. Haughton put down Epistle the Fifth, she hesitated; and the woman who hesitates in such a case, is sure, at least—to write a civil answer.

Mrs. Haughton wrote but three lines—still they *were* civil—and conceded an interview for the next day, though implying that it was but for the purpose of assuring Mr. J. Courtenay Smith in person, of her unalterable fidelity to the shade of his lamented friend.

In high glee Jasper showed Mrs. Haughton's answer to Dolly Poole, and began seriously to speculate on the probable amount of the widow's income, and the value of her movables in Gloucester Place. Thence he repaired to Mrs. Crane; and, emboldened by the hope forever to escape from maternal tutelage, braved her scoldings, and asked for a couple of sovereigns. He was sure that he should be in luck that night. She gave to him the sum and spared the scoldings. But as soon as he was gone, conjecturing, from the bravado of his manner, what had really occurred, Mrs. Crane put on her bonnet and went out.

CHAPTER XIII.

Unhappy is the man who puts his trust in—a woman.

LATE that evening a lady, in a black vail, knocked at No. — Gloucester Place, and asked to see Mrs. Haughton on urgent business. She was admitted. She remained but five minutes.

The next day, when "gay as a bridegroom prancing to his bride," Jasper Losely presented himself at the widow's door, the servant placed in his hand a packet, and informed him bluffly that Mrs. Haughton had gone out of town. Jasper with difficulty suppressed his rage, opened the packet—his own letters returned, with these words—"Sir, your name is not Courtenay Smith. If you trouble me again I shall apply

to the police." Never from female hand had Jasper Losely's pride received such a slap on its face. He was literally stunned. Mechanically he hastened to Arabella Crane; and having no longer any object in concealment, but, on the contrary, a most urgent craving for sympathy, he poured forth his indignation and wrongs. No mother could be more consolatory than Mrs. Crane. She soothed, she flattered, she gave him an excellent dinner; after which she made him so comfortable—what with an easy-chair and complimentary converse, that, when Jasper rose late to return to his lodging, he said: "After all, if I had been ugly and stupid, and of a weakly constitution, I should have been of a very domestic turn of mind."

CHAPTER XIV.

No Author ever drew a character, consistent to human nature, but what he was forced to ascribe to it many inconsistencies.

WHETHER moved by that pathetic speech of Jasper's, or by some other impulse not less feminine, Arabella Crane seemed suddenly to conceive the laudable and arduous design of reforming that portentous sinner. She had some distant relations in London, whom she very rarely troubled with a visit, and who, had she wanted any thing from them, would have shut their doors in her face; but as, on the contrary, she was well off, single, and might leave her money to whom she pleased, the distant relations were always warm in manner, and prodigal in their offers of service. The next day she repaired to one of these kinsfolk—a person in a large way of business—and returned home with two great books in white sheepskin. And when Losely looked in to dine, she said, in the suavest tones a tender mother can address to an amiable truant, "Jasper, you have great abilities—at the gaming-table abilities are evidently useless—your forte is calculation—you were always very quick at that. I have been fortunate enough to procure you an easy piece of taskwork, for which you will be liberally remunerated. A friend of mine wishes to submit these books to a regular accountant; he suspects that a clerk has cheated him, but he can not tell how or where. You know accounts thoroughly—no one better—and the pay will be ten guineas."

Jasper, though his early life had rendered familiar and facile to him the science of book-keeping and double-entry, made a grimace at the revolting idea of any honest labor, however light and well paid. But ten guineas were an immense temptation, and in the evening Mrs. Crane coaxed him into the task.

Neglecting no feminine art to make the lawless nomad feel at home under her roof, she had provided for his ease and comfort morocco slippers and a superb dressing-robe, in material rich, in color becoming. Men, single or marital, are accustomed to connect the idea of home with dressing-gown and slippers, especially if, after dinner, they apply (as Jasper Losely now applied) to occupations, in which the brain is active, the form in repose. What achievement, literary or scientific, was ever accomplished by a student strapped to unyielding boots, and "cabined, cribbed, confined," in a coat that fits him like wax? As robed in the cozy garment which is consecrated to the sacred familiar Lares, the relaxing, handsome ruffian sate in the quiet room, bending his still regular profile over the sheepskin books—the harmless pen in that strong well-shaped hand, Mrs. Crane watched him with a softening countenance. To bear him company, she had actively taken herself to work—the gold thimble dragged from its long repose—marking and hemming, with nimble artistic fingers, new cravats for the adopted son! Strange creature is Woman! Ungrateful and perfidious as that sleek tiger before her had often proved himself—though no man could less deserve one kindly sentiment in a female heart—though she knew that he cared nothing for her, still it was pleasing to know that he cared for nobody else—that he was sitting in the same room—and Arabella Crane felt that if that existence could continue she could forget the past, and look contented toward the future. Again I say, strange creature is Woman!—and, in this instance, creature more strange, because so grim! But as her eyes soften, and her fingers work, and her mind revolves schemes for making that lawless wild beast an innocuous, tame animal, who can help feeling for and with grim Arabella Crane?

Poor woman! And will not the experiment succeed? Three evenings does Jasper Losely devote to this sinless life and its peaceful occupation. He completes his task—he receives the ten guineas. (How much of that fee came out of Mrs. Crane's privy purse?) He detects three mistakes, which justify suspicion of the book-keeper's integrity. Set a thief to catch a thief! He is praised for acuteness, and promised a still lighter employment, to be still better paid. He departs, declaring that he will come the next day, earlier than usual—he volunteers an eulogium upon work in general—he vows that evenings so happy he has not spent for years; he leaves Mrs. Crane so much impressed by the hope of his improvement, that if a good clergyman had found her just at that moment, she might almost have been induced to pray. But—

"Heu quoties fidem
Mutatosque deos flebit!"

Jasper Losely returns not, neither to Podden Place nor to his lodging in the neighborhood. Days elapse; still he comes not; even Poole does not know where he has gone; even Poole has not seen him! But that latter worthy is now laid up with a serious rheumatic fever—confined to his room and water-gruel. And Jasper Losely is not the man to intrude himself on the privacy of a sick chamber. Mrs. Crane, more benevolent, visits Poole—cheers him up—gets him a nurse—writes to Uncle Sam. Poole blesses her. He hopes that Uncle Sam, moved by the spectacle of his sick bed, will say, "Don't let your debts fret you—I will pay them!" Whatever her disappointment or resentment at Jasper's thankless and mysterious evasion, Arabella Crane is calmly confident of his return. To her servant, Bridgett Greggs, who was perhaps the sole person in the world who entertained affection for the lone, gaunt woman, and who held Jasper Losely in profound detestation, she said, with tranquil sternness, "That man has crossed my life, and darkened it. He passed away, and left Night behind him. He has dared to return. He shall never escape me again till the grave yawn for one of us."

"But, Lor' love you, miss, you would not put yourself in the power of such a black-hearted villing?"

"In *his* power! No, Bridgett; fear not, he must be in mine—sooner or later in mine—hand and foot. Patience!"

As she was thus speaking—a knock at the door—"It is he—I told you so—quick!"

But it was not Jasper Losely. It was Mr. Rugge.

RESUMPTION.

No *money* yet! no money yet!
Although 'tis months since it gave out;
The merchants fume, the people fret;
Ye gods! ye gods! what are the *Banks* about?

I.

THE Banks resumed, they told us, t'other day,
With great parade, and notes of exclamation (!!).
What they "resumed" 'twere difficult to say,
Save "notes of preparation!"

II.

Their other "notes" are neither there nor *here*,
As all will find who ask accommodation;
And as for specie, that is still too dear
For poets' "speculation."

III.

Perchance they will resume their "*taking*" *arts:*
Taking good gold and giving doubtful paper;
With "rags" re-cover our embarrassed parts,
Like any bank-note "DRAPER."

IV.

Perchance they'll blow their bubbles *once* again;
Transparent tissues, stained with cute de-vices!
Thinking to "raise the wind," when 'tis most plain
They'll only raise the prices.

V.

Two hundred million paper promises!
(Less promising of Astors than dis-asters!)
What wonder credit's driven to excess—
Just think of it, my masters!

VI.

What wonder such a flood knocks up all prices;
Makes "bulls" to bully, "bears" grow past all bearing;
Brings people to the "stocks," or other "vices,"
Besides hard times and swearing.

VII.

What wonder our prosperity's all "flash;"
A silken bubble, filled with gas and vanity,
Bound to collapse when Europe calls for cash,
Or times grow "tight" or panic-y!

VIII.

What wonder we buy "toys" of all creation;
Set all mankind's (save ours) machinery clanging;
That all our business turns, each generation,
To a general paper-hanging!

IX.

"Paper suspension!"—That's the delicate phrase
'Neath which this "GOBELIN" darkens every dwelling;
Brings miseries untold in untold ways
Past e'en bank-tellers' telling.

X.

'Tis said King Midas, in long, by-gone years,
Turned all he touched to gold—the son of Mammon!
Our paper kings, though crowned with golden *ears*,
Turn all our wealth to gammon.

XI.

Our gold they send to pacify John Bull;
And *l'argent* goes to make *Jean Crapeau* caper;
But Jonathan—the gosling green, bank tool!—
Jonathan takes bank paper.

XII.

Enchanted fool!—who mid enchantment sits,
Shaved, broker'd, diddled in each bank exaction;
Finds cash he counts on worse than counter-*feats*,
His trade but counter-action.

XIII.

Gold he might have and silver without stint,
Exchanged for cotton, corn; for crops and labor;
But Jonathan hates all smell of "mint,"
Yet dotes on—paper.

XIV.

The "Golden Gate" is open to our hand;
Australia sends her treasures full as potent;
Our sapient bankers take the bullion, and
Just "make a note on't."

XV.

Paper!—"the people's bane—the banker's bliss!"—
Dance to his "notes," you'll have to pay the piper;
Who Fortune seeks in "rags" just "hits a-miss,"
The while he "hunts the slipper."

XVI.

Who doubles paper, doubles, to his cost,
Banks, brokers, shinners, interest, and bank beggars;
And gains—not riches—only riches' boast,
Counted in bigger figures.

XVII.

The man who finds out how two blades are grown
In place of one, makes the land a DO-nation:
Who takes *two* "mills" to DO THE WORK OF one,
Is just "a Jonathan."

J. S. P.

THE LEGEND OF MY NATIVE TOWN.

THE little country-town in old England from which my ancestors came has a legend of its own which is well known to many persons there, although I believe it has never yet found printed record. This being the season of story-telling, I do not know why I should not tell this, after my own fashion.

Full a hundred and fifteen years ago, when George the Second was king, there lived in this town a saddle-maker. This saddle-maker, whose name was Ranson, had a daughter, and he had an apprentice. Ever since there were stories or story-tellers, apprentices have loved their masters' daughters, which, however common, is, at all events, a possible thing. So old Ranson's apprentice, Richard Hayes, took more delight in seeing this daughter—in hearing her speak, or in exchanging a few words with her—than ever old Ranson dreamed of, or than ever any one else dreamed of—not excepting the daughter or the apprentice himself. What old Ranson would have done if he had suspected it I do not know. He would, probably, have thrashed his apprentice, and been by him knocked down for his pains, besides converting him into a fanatical lover from that hour. As it was, the life of his apprentice was not a merry one; for old Ranson's notions of the treatment proper for apprentices were derived from the glorious times of Queen Elizabeth; having been transmitted through a long line of ancestors, till they came to a dead stop in his obstinate head. He believed, like the ancient form of apprenticeship indenture that bound Richard Hayes to him, that all apprentices, when they were free from control, took to gambling, or profuse swearing, or drunkenness, with a hearty relish. He believed that, if their masters' eye was not constantly upon them, they would skulk from their work, or rob the till, or go out and stop the mail. You might argue as you would!

Richard Hayes was a steady, honest, and industrious fellow; but about this time his mind was apt to wander from his work, so that some damage was occasionally done to the old saddler's materials.

"You are an idle villain," said the master, one morning early. "You eat and drink here and render no return."

Hayes made no answer, though deeply wounded. He was no great hero, and was still but a lad. He did exactly what many other lads have done when offended—he refused to eat that day. When meal-times came he said he would rather work on. Old Ranson bore this punishment with great cheerfulness. He quoted old proverbs about a proud stomach. He set the room-door open at dinner-time, that the savory steam might wander up the long shop, and tease his refractory apprentice. Richard Hayes worked on; but sometimes, when the old man made a joke at his expense, he paused a while and listened. Did she laugh at him, or join in the persecution? If she did, he would starve himself to death. But she did not; nor did he hear her speak a word.

That afternoon, when it was getting dusk and Richard Hayes was still at his work—while the master saddler was smoking in his little back-room—Margaret stole through into the shop so gently that the apprentice did not hear her step until she stood beside him. She laid her hand upon his arm.

"Come, Dick," she said; "come in for my sake. I know—you have not broken fast to-day."

"I have been called a villain, and an eater of bread that I have not earned," said Dick.

"Never mind," said the girl. "You are vexing me, and vexing my father, too. Do, pray, come in."

"No, Margaret," replied the apprentice. "I'm not without a guinea of my own. I'll buy my own bread. I'll work after hours. I'll eat at no man's table."

"Have you a bad heart?" said the girl.

"I have a right feeling," replied Dick.

"Well; and if you have, Dick," replied the girl, "you've fasted long enough. Why do you grieve me, too? Well, well, I can not make you come, so good-night."

Dick took her little trembling hand and held it for a while, and felt a strong desire to blubber and give in. He could have held out against any thing but her compassion.

He stood there, still holding her hand for some minutes, saying not a word; till, just at the moment that she turned away, he whispered to her, hurriedly, "I'll go. I care for nothing. You sha'n't grieve about me. I'll give in. They shall say or think what they like." With that he set his work aside and went into the room where the saddler was, and sat down in silence and ate his meal. He bore all the old man's jokes, and let him tell of how often he had known such stubborn folks brought round by hunger, and made no answer; while the old saddler, wise in his own conceit, sat there and little thought what power had wrought the change. That night Margaret met her father's apprentice on the stairs and bade him good-night, and told him he was a kind-hearted fellow, and that she would remember that day.

From that time old Ranson had no more power to make his apprentice miserable. Dick worked hard and did his best, and if the old man complained he gave him no answer. The time was drawing near when his apprenticeship would end, and Dick thought of what he should do when master of his time, and planned out many a scheme. But old Ranson grew every day more irritable. Dick's silence, when he spoke to him, looked like contempt. He saw the time drawing near when he supposed that his apprentice would throw off the mask and set him at defiance. All things soured him; and one day, when he had been rating his apprentice for some trifle, Dick, who thought no more of the matter, began to whistle at his work. The old man's anger was roused at this. He rushed at his apprentice and struck him. If Dick had paused to think a moment he would not have returned the blow; but he didn't pause to think a moment. He knocked him down. There could be no reconciliation after that. The old man declared solemnly that Dick should be taken before a magistrate the next day and sent to jail. Ranson, it is true, had struck the apprentice first; but magistrates had no sympathy with apprentices. The old man had bruises; Dick had none. There was nothing more certain than that Dick, if he came before a magistrate, would be sent to a prison to associate with thieves and rogues. Dick turned it over in his mind that night; but, look at it how he would, he saw no hope, except in running away: so he made up his mind at once. He tied in a bundle all he possessed, put on all his clothes, dropped out of the low window on to the porch, and so into the roadway, and walked away.

A runaway apprentice in those days was a far blacker villain than he is now. There was not a man or woman in the country round about where poor Dick had spent his days who would have helped him with a crust if they had known it. The very dogs were in the interest of masters, and barked at all such unnatural rebels. Dick had a little money, and he did not doubt of getting work when he had got far enough to be safe. Dick's plan was to make a fortune at once, and return and claim Margaret for his wife—to compel old Ranson to forgive him and forget the past. But, although this scheme seemed to him well defined and practical enough, he found difficulties. In many towns there was not a single saddler to be found. More than a week after he had left his home he came to a place where he learned at last that there was a saddler's shop. Dick surveyed the house, and determined to go in and ask for work; but, going across the road to clean his shoes and shake the dust from his clothes, he made a discovery which turned him in a moment from his purpose. Right facing him was the watch-house, and there, for the first time, Dick caught sight of his own name upon a large hand-bill, evidently newly stuck upon the board beside the door. Dick read hurriedly the description of himself, which made him of a down and sullen look, and, on the whole, was not flattering. It gave Dick a pang to think how his detractors must have it all their own way now—how every little fault he had committed would be raked up and exaggerated, and how Margaret, hearing such things all day, might come, before long, to lose her liking for him, and to think that they were right.

It would not help this story to tell all Dick's sufferings; or how his stock of money gradually went; or how his stick and bundle dwindled down at last to a stick and no bundle. In some places people told him at once that he was a runaway apprentice. They knew it, they said, by his looks, and would not harbor him: in other places they wanted a character with him—wanted to know where he came from, and who employed him last; and said that he looked young, and must be only just out of his time. To all these things he could give no good answer; and, therefore, in the end, went on his way. In this manner Dick soon began to look like a miserable tramp. He slept in barns and outhouses, where poor travelers took shelter with him, and became, in looks at least, a bad sample even of their class. The very beggars on the road addressed him familiarly, without a doubt that he was one of them. But Dick would not be. He would go and be a soldier first; and to this end, in fact, he had been inevitably coming from the first.

It was on New-Year's Day, in the year seventeen hundred and forty-five, that Richard Hayes found himself, hungry, and weary, and cold, in the town of Newcastle-on-Tyne. He wandered up and down the steep and angular street, and looked in at shops, and saw two saddlers; but he was too beggarly in his appearance now to go in and ask for employment, like a decent workman. There was no help for him. Rebellion was rife in the North. Only that week the regiment called the Old Buffs, and that called the King's Own, commanded by Colonel Wolfe, had landed there from Flanders. Dick found out a sergeant at a public house in a by-street, and there took service at once in the Old Buffs, and in the name of Philip Joyce.

When all the world conspires to treat an honest fellow as an abandoned scoundrel, it is ten to one that he begins to get nearer and nearer that character every day. Dick's trials had, in fact, not improved him; nor did the company of ragged recruits, in which he found himself, tend to make him better. He cursed his own fate, and cursed the people who had behaved harshly to him in his wanderings. He had a bitter feeling toward all easy comfortable folks who sat at that merry time by cheerful fires, and ate, and drank, and sang. He heard of fighting and cruelties in the north with a savage pleasure, and wished to be on the march to have a license to lay waste and kill. And if he should get killed himself? Well, Dick had no objection to that. The world and he had done with one another, in a friendly way, forever.

In this mood he wandered up and down the streets of Newcastle, during the short time the regiment staid there. One day, he came, in this way, upon a little group of people in an open space in the town, to whom a man was preaching, standing in the midst. The audience were poor colliers and sea-faring men, and some soldiers. The preacher belonged to a sect then too poor and despised to preach under roofs, save here and there in larger towns. He was a weather-beaten, humble-looking man, scarcely less poor in his appearance than his hearers. He stood in the blustering wind bareheaded, holding in his hand a little worn and thumbed Bible, and preached from that in a rough, coarse way, which all there understood and felt. He told them he was a poor fellow like themselves; pointing to his broken boots, in which he had walked from London, and in which, God willing, he hoped to get to Scotland, to preach there to our men, whom civil strife had turned to devils, but who, if he had strength, should hear from him the words of Christ. He spoke to the colliers; and, in his rude way, drew illustrations from their daily life. To the sailors he used some seamen's terms, saying he had been to sea himself. Richard Hayes listened to him with a curious interest; till, suddenly, the man's eye fell upon him, and he spoke some words which he knew well were meant for him alone. They were blunt, but not unkindly words. They pictured to him his position with a truth that made him start. They guessed his past life so nearly what it was, that the man seemed, in his hearer's eyes, endowed with something more than human power. When he stopped and bade his hearers good-night, and the little crowd began

to disperse, Dick followed him in the gathering twilight till he came up with him, and touched his arm. The man looked round.

"You have spoken kind words to a poor friendless fellow," said Dick. "I walked after you to thank you."

"Not my words," said the man. "I preach as I am bidden. God grants that they fall not upon stony ground."

"Master," said Dick, earnestly, "I'll tell you what I feel. I have met unkindness, and wrong, and insult, where I did not quite deserve them. No human being save you has given a thought to what I am, or where I am going, or what may become of me for many a day. If you have found the world as I have found it, you may be glad to know that I am grateful."

The man took Dick's proffered hand, and grasped it; and then pointing to a little public house bade his hearer follow him there, that they might talk awhile. They found a clean quiet room where a bright fire was burning, and glittering in the glass of the old-fashioned prints upon the walls. Dick, in his joy at finding a new friend, told him all his history, and the old man gave him advice. It was too late, he feared, to go back. The war demanded men, and nothing would release him: but he exhorted Dick to do his duty; to avoid the evil courses too common with his comrades; to pray to Heaven to turn the hearts of men from violence and bloodshed, and relieve him from his dreadful burden. Dick assured him fervently that he would strive to follow his advice. And so they parted; promising to meet next day, before the old man went upon his journey. When Dick saw him again, they had a longer conversation; they walked together a mile out of the town, upon the old preacher's road; and there Dick resolved to ask of him a favor.

"You know," said Dick, "after battles, they form a list of all the men who are killed. Now, I want you to promise to look always to these, and if ever you find the name of Philip Joyce, which is my name in the regiment, to let Margaret Ranson and her father know that I am dead."

"God forbid!" exclaimed his friend; "but should it be so, His will be done. I give my promise, and, if I live, it shall be fulfilled."

"Do not say where, or how," said Dick, in a faltering voice, "for it would grieve her more than need be. Say that you saw me after I left them, and that I was sorry for the pain that I had given them."

The old preacher grasped his hand and bade him hope, and be confident of the good wishes of Jacob Bonnell; and then took his farewell, and went upon his way.

Recruits were drilled rapidly in that time of rebellion; for soldiers must be had whether taught or not.

Richard Hayes was with the army under Wade and General Hawley at Falkirk and Culloden, and saw many a scene of carnage, but escaped without a wound. He heard no tidings of the old preacher; but his words were not forgotten. There was not a better or more humane soldier in all the army. Most men liked him, and the cavalry officers employed him to mend their saddles for them. Two years after he had enlisted, he embarked with his regiment for Flanders, and then fought at Roucoux. From the day he left his home he had never heard of Margaret or her father, but he still cherished the hope of seeing her again. The desire had grown with time. He guarded all the money that he earned with the hope of being allowed to buy his freedom, and return to England; and, with this idea forever present, he acquired a greedy love of money that looked like avarice in his comrades' eyes, and, indeed, grew nearer to that quality every day. The long delay preyed upon his spirits, and he became by degrees a sullen and silent man. The waste and luxury of young officers filled him with envy. The good luck of others made him hate them. The sight of successful roguery turned all his thoughts to bitterness.

Sometimes, in his great dejection, doubts would arise in his mind whether all honesty were not a mere delusion—a doctrine preached by knaves who were too wise to follow it, but palmed it upon weaker men for their own gain. He knew that sometimes after an engagement, or even when on the march, men would grow suddenly possessed of a store of money—from what source none told. Some would gamble this away, sitting at night by watch-fires, and would lose good sums without a thought, or with a laugh. Dick never joined in these; but he would sometimes look on with a strong interest. One night he was watching such a party, who were quietly throwing dice upon the top of a drum. The man who won was an idle and dissolute fellow. Hayes fixed his eyes upon the little heap of money which the winner swept into his pouch, and felt a gnawing envy. The blood rushed to his head. The forms of the men shot up into unnatural size, and dropped again; the whole scene reeled before his eyes in the ruddy glare of the wooden fire. A strong desire possessed him to seize the dice-box, and challenge the winner to stake his gains once more. A superstitious whisper was in his ear, that the purpose for which he wanted gold was good and just, and that the other man would squander it—and that, seeing all these things, Fortune would favor him. He advanced to the drum, and asked eagerly to be allowed to throw. The man accepted his challenge, and Hayes lost; he doubled his stake, and lost again; doubled it, and lost once more. Some men who knew their comrade's avaricious character, had gathered round, and he knew that they felt a satisfaction at his losses. Indeed, as he cast down his guineas and left the spot, a half-smothered laugh caught his ear, and roused in him thoughts more bitter still than he had felt upon that New-Year's Day when he wandered hungry and weary, a stranger in the streets of Newcastle.

There was a great battle on the next day, which lasted from daylight till near sunset, many hundreds being slain. The fight had spread over a wide country, many sharp struggles having taken place at distant points. The company to which Hayes belonged had been pushed on to the front; until near the close of the day it found itself alone, and the word was given to fall back. At this moment he received a blow upon the head, from what cause he knew not, for he reeled at once, and fell.

He could not have lain long. When he awoke it was daylight; but the place where he found himself was deserted. He rubbed his head and found a little blood, which he wiped with his handkerchief, but he seemed to have nothing but a bruise. After resting a few moments, he felt quite revived, and determined to go on at once in search of his comrades.

To those who have ever listened for noises real or fancied, in solitary places, where there is no wind, it will not seem strange that Hayes felt doubtful in which direction the body of the army lay; for sometimes he seemed to hear a confused murmur upon either side, and sometimes a noise like one hallooing at a great distance. Not doubting, however, that he should rejoin his comrades, he wound his way round a low hill till he came to a field of brushwood, where traces of the fight were visible. The flush of sunset filled the sky, like a crimson vapor risen from the battle-field; but the light was beginning to fail. Hayes walked quickly till he sunk again into a hollow, and there, a little off the path, beside a pool of water gleaming crimson in the sunset like a pool of blood, he found the body of a man. He lay there motionless, as if he had striven to gain the pool and drink, but had died before he reached it; and, being then some distance from the battle-field, had remained there unobserved; for Hayes knew, by the richness of his uniform, that he was an officer of superior rank.

Hayes paused a few moments, watching the body for some sign of life, but it gave none. His epaulets and sword-hilt glittered even in the waning light, and seemed to dazzle the young soldier's eyes. The uncontrollable madness of the night before came upon him once again. The lust for money; the yearning after his abandoned home; the casuistry that made the basest thing seem good, all drew him on.

It was too late to help the man. The gold or other things about him could be useful to him no more. Before many hours, the wretches who hover about a battle-field would plunder him of all. Hayes's comrades had never yet shown scruples on this point. He stooped quickly beside the body, and drew forth a purse. The man lay sideways, and Hayes perceived a ribbon that was round his neck, as if fastened to some trinket worn beneath his shirt. He clutched it greedily, and found a cross thick-set with diamonds that sparkled as he drew it forth. Hayes shrank from touching the body as he strove to disentangle the ribbon, when, to his astonishment, the wounded man uttered a faint groan.

Hayes started; and then paused; holding the cross still firmly. The man was evidently awakening from a swoon. His hand passed quickly to his breast, as if to feel for the cross there, and as quickly caught his plunderer by the wrist.

"Laissez-moi ça. Mon Dieu! la croix!" exclaimed the officer, as if still half-dreaming.

Hayes strove to disengage himself, but he himself was weak with recent loss of blood, and the man's strength was returning. He half-raised himself, and clutched Hayes with both hands, and they fell together, and struggled with their whole strength. Hayes held the cross still, instinctively, which engaged his hand, and his antagonist drew a pistol from his belt. In another moment he would have shot his opponent dead; but Hayes held off his arm, and, blinded by the fury of the struggle, drew a pistol from his own breast, and fired at his opponent. The officer uttered a groan, his hold relaxed, and he fell back heavily. Horrified by the dreadful act into which his cupidity had betrayed him, Hayes fled from the ground.

Night had fallen as he hurried on over fields and through lanes, till he must have journeyed some miles. He discovered no trace of his comrades, nor did he desire to meet them again. The words of the preacher who had left him at Newcastle rang in his ears, and reproached him with his crime. He would have given all that he possessed—all hopes that he had ever cherished, to go back and wipe out that one day from his memory forever. Toward daylight he met some laborers, who directed him to a little village, where he purchased a blue linen blouse, and a cap and trowsers, which concealed his military uniform. In this garb he wandered about for some time, till, finally, he found his way to the coast, and took ship for England.

Hayes found employment in London, but he lived a solitary life. Of those who employed him or came in contact with him, none knew his history, but all remarked his reserved and gloomy character, and shrank from him with dislike or dread. Some even said that he had been a highwayman; others did not scruple to hint their belief that he had stained his hands with some dreadful deed. Hayes knew their distrust or hatred of him, but he lived too much with his own thoughts to heed it. His sole idea was to remain cut off forever from all who had known him or cared for him, suffering a life of voluntary hardship in expiation of his crime; though, sometimes, the thought of the misfortunes he had met with, and how these had, step by step, drawn him onward through a kind of madness to this dreadful end, passed through his mind, and eased him for a moment of some portion of the burden that he bore.

Two years had elapsed, when, one night, coming to his cheerless home, Hayes passed a man, who stared at him for a moment, and then, following him, called to him in an anxious manner to stop. Hayes turned beneath a lamp, and the man, suddenly coming up with him, called him by the name of Philip Joyce!

Hayes recognized him as Jacob Bonnell, the street-preacher, whom he had parted with in Newcastle.

"They reported you killed," said the preacher; "and for these two years I believed that we could never meet again in this world."

Hayes was too much agitated to speak many words. He begged his friend to go home with him; and there the preacher told him that he had visited his native town, and, according to his compact, had communicated to Margaret and her father the intelligence that he was dead.

"Promise me," exclaimed Hayes, "never to let them know that I still live."

The wildness of his manner struck his hearer with astonishment; but Hayes that night made confession to him of the crime of which he had been guilty.

"This is horrible," said his friend, "and can scarcely hope for forgiveness."

Hayes made no answer; but taking a little box, he unlocked it, and displayed to his visitor's eyes a purse of money and a cross sparkling with diamonds.

"They are here as I stole them," says Hayes, "the accursed things that tempted me to murder a wounded man. I have touched no atom of their value."

"Such justice as is possible must be done," said the preacher. "I will endeavor by this clew to discover the family to whom they belong, that you may restore them."

Hayes thanked him, and his visitor took a description of the cross. They spent that night in serious converse, and Hayes felt a support in his presence which he had not known for a long time. When they parted, his friend told him that he was going from London, but would return again. * * *

Many months after this event, the young workman was sitting one night alone in his room, seeking occupation for his mind in reading, when a tapping at his door aroused him. Taking his lamp in his hand, he threw the door open, and there found his faithful friend, Jacob Bonnell, with a stranger. The light upon the stranger's face revealed a man advanced in life. His countenance was stern and worn, and he had a thick mustache like a foreigner. Hayes shrank from the man's gaze, as if he remembered some one like him, and remembered him with dread.

"Enter, Monsieur Bonnell," said the stranger to the street-preacher, in a foreign accent. "You can best explain this visit."

"This," said the preacher, "is the Count de Beauséant, the representative of Count de Beauséant who was killed in the action at Val. After much correspondence with persons on the Continent, I have discovered him, and he has traveled here in person to obtain from your hand the diamond cross, a precious heir-loom belonging to his family, which you took from his brother's person on the battle-field."

"They are here!" exclaimed Hayes, suddenly unlocking the box; but the stranger stopped him, and taking the lamp from his hand, held it up to his own face, and bade Hayes scan his features, and tell him if he knew him.

The man looked steadily at him, and Hayes trembled violently with a sudden suspicion of the truth that awaited him.

"I have deceived my friend here," said the foreigner, impressively. "It was I myself who was cruelly attacked and plundered on the field of Val. See here!"

The stranger thrust open his shirt, and revealed, near his left shoulder, a bullet-wound now healed. "This is your act," he added.

Hayes uttered a cry of joy, and, seizing the stranger by the hand, fell on his face, and implored his pardon for the terrible wrong that he had done.

Some tears rolled down the weather-beaten cheek of the old soldier as he took Hayes's hand, and assured him of his forgiveness. "This noble friend of yours has told me your strange story," he added.

"It is happily ended so far," said the preacher; "but with God's blessing it may have a happier sequel. Would you see Margaret Ranson once again?"

"The hope of such a happiness was gone forever," replied Hayes; "but this night and its unexpected joy revives it. Would she, or would her father, see me again?"

"She believes you dead," replied Bonnell; "that she would be rejoiced to find you living, how can I doubt? When I saw her last, she still wore mourning for her loss, and her father spoke of you with tenderness and regret as one who might have been happy with his daughter, and who might have relieved him of the cares of his business now in his old age."

On the morrow Jacob Bonnell wrote to Margaret and her father that Richard Hayes was known to be still living, and that he would come to them that week to bring more important tidings; and in a day or two Hayes and he started together. It was in the winter time, with some snow on the ground, and the old-fashioned Highflyer coach was four days upon the road—an endless and a weary time; but Hayes's heart was lighter than it had been for many years. In the old inns where he staid on the road, when he succeeded in falling into a doze at night, he dreamed of being again and again an apprentice in the old saddle-maker's shop, with all the miseries of his future life still mercifully hidden from his knowledge. A dream of dreams it was; but when they stood before the old house again, and looked up at its plastered front, and its worn wooden steps leading into the shop, in which he had known so much of sorrow and delight; and at the small-paned lattice window, from which he had dropped on to the porch on the night when he had fled—and found all still unchanged, a shade of doubt and fear passed over him, soon happily to vanish. Jacob Bonnell entered first, and staid some time, preparing the way for his companion. Then he came out, and led his companion into the room behind the shop, where the old man, though now decrepit, was sitting in an arm-chair by the fire, exactly as of old; and oh! crowning delight of all! his own good Margaret, who had mourned for and loved his memory through all, fell on his shoulder, uttering no word, but only sobbed for joy. Not dead! Unless the miserable outcast, the poor soldier, and the gloomy misanthrope were one with him.

Jacob Bonnell staid with them for some days, doing many good offices to poor persons in the town, though he visited them afterward once a year, taking their town in the circuit of his labors. He exhorted them always to be mindful of the Providence which had led them to so happy an issue; for Hayes, before his next visit, was the husband of Margaret, and the old saddle-maker, who had retired, leaving all the conduct of his trade to his old apprentice, had caused to be written over his windows the words "Ranson and Hayes, Saddle-makers."

MY FLORA.

TELL me, Gentles, have you seen
  My FLORA pass this way?
That you may know the Miss I mean,
  Her briefly I'll portray.

No bonnet on her head,
  But on her neck she wears:
An oyster-shell 'tis said
  In size with it compares.
Its shape no eye can brook,
  Its use is doubtful, too;
It but imparts a barefaced look,
  And brings much cheek to view.

Her dress may please the Swell
  For its swoln exuberance:
She looks a Monster Belle
  In such Big Ben expanse.
Those air-tubes filled with gas
  Might lift her to the moon;
The small boys mark it as they pass,
  And screech out, "Ah Bal-loon!"

A parasol she bears
  For ornament, not use:
For comfort gloves she wears
  Too tight, and sleeves too loose.
Behind her hangs a hood
  Just level with her chin,
An Indian Squaw might find it good
  To put a baby in.

Of her hair she shows the roots,
  Sham flowers the rest conceal;
And she's crippled by her boots
  With the military heel:
Streets off you hear them stalk
  Whene'er she ventures out;
And she seems to waddle more than walk,
  Her hoops so sway about.

Her figure may be good,
  But that no eye can tell;
A mere lay-figure would
  Show off her dress as well.
She may have ankles neat,
  But they're concealed by skirt,
Which chiefly serves to hide her feet,
  And gather up the dirt.

Then, Gentles, have you seen
  My FLORA this way come?
She can not have unnoticed been,
  She takes up too much room!

THE NATIVES OF CAPE COLONY.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

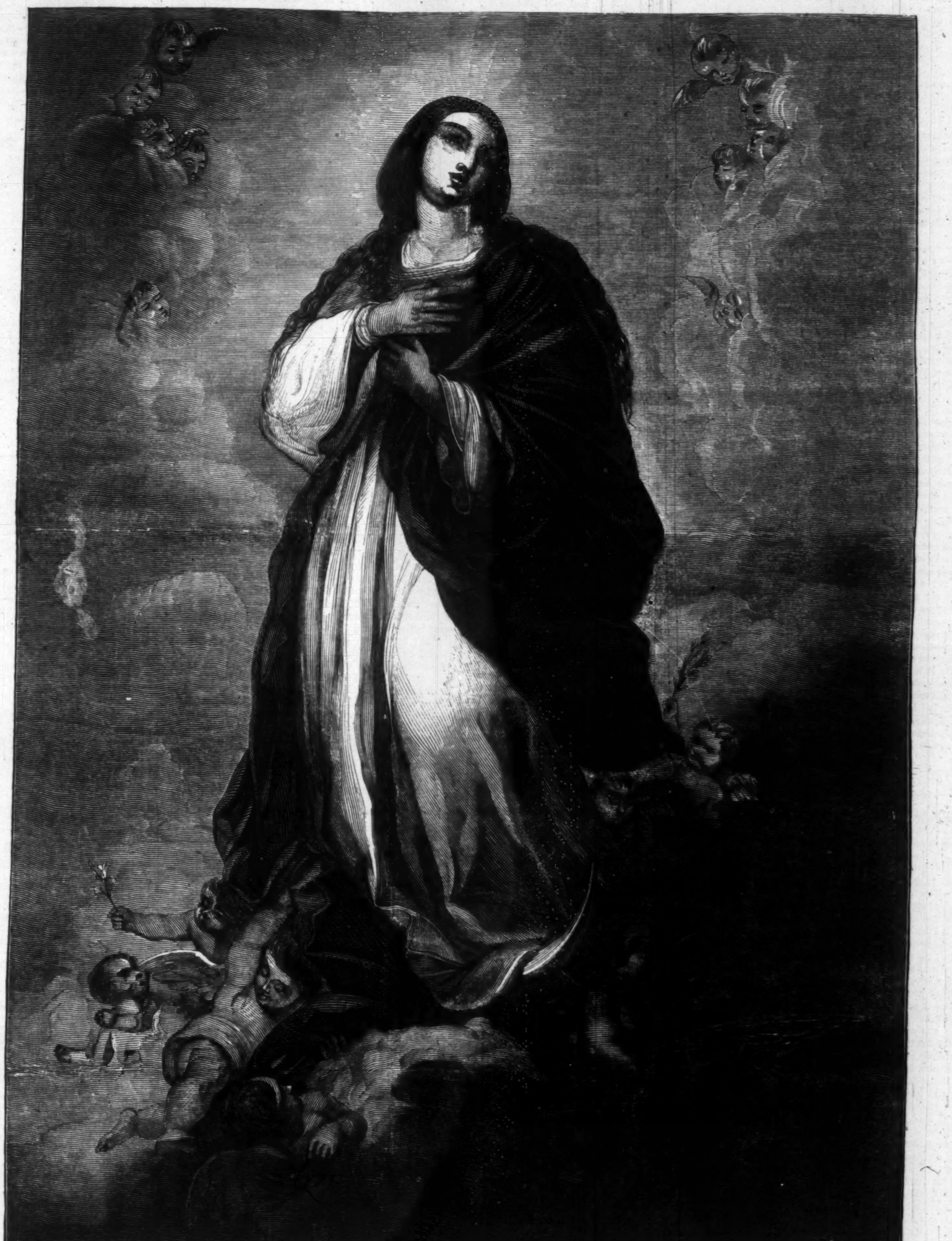
NEW YORK, *January* 12, 1858.

ALLOW me to correct a mistake which your correspondent makes in his communication to you from Cape Town, which appeared in your edition of the 9th of this month. He writes concerning the Hottentots: "They are not many, and mostly reside far in the interior, and are met with at Algoa Bay," *and* "at Natal, where *they are split up into tribes of Zulus, Fingoes, etc.*"

The Hottentots belong to a race quite distinct from the Zulus or Fingoes, and are totally different from them in appearance and character. Their color is very much the same as that of the Chinese, and their eyes are generally of the same elongated form. They originally possessed the western part of the Cape, but are now scattered over the colony, and may be called the peasantry of the Cape. They drive wagons, gather in the harvest, and perform other farm labor for the colonists. The Fingoes are a tribe very similar to the Caffres in appearance (so much so as not to be distinguished except by an experienced person). They have the same color (varying from black to olive), and the same upright, tall forms and symmetrical limbs, and the same head, of Caucasian shape, although wool-covered. They were enslaved by the Caffres, but were liberated by the English; and I must give them credit for their gratitude, for they have ever remained the firm allies of their liberators. *They* also live, for the most part, in the colony, and perform the duties of cattle-herds and shepherds for the colonists—and most excellent cattle-herds they make. The Hottentot displays in his conduct a far lower moral nature than Fingo, Caffre, or Zulu. Although it may be said that they have been converted to Christianity by the good missionaries of the Cape, yet their conduct shows none of this conversion: they are addicted to the lowest and most degrading vices, and seem to be perfect slaves to all their appetites. The Fingo or the Caffre is not a drunkard, and does not give way to vice as the Hottentot, although making no profession. The Fingoes are as muscular and powerful as the Caffres, and have generally beaten them, when opposed by even superior numbers, in battle, but the tribe is not very numerous. They hate the Caffres most cordially. The Zulus are a finer race than either the Fingoes or the Caffres; they are very numerous, and live near and in the colony of Port Natal, north of Algoa Bay. They are very useful to the colonists in that quarter. I resided nearly four years in the eastern district of the Cape Colony, near Algoa Bay, where I was engaged in the pursuit of farming, and employed a large number of Hottentots and Fingoes (and Caffres, *in times of peace*). I am, therefore, pretty well acquainted with these people, and understand their character well.

Knowing that you would wish to have any mistake corrected which might appear in your valuable paper, I have troubled you with the above.

A CAPE COLONIST.



MR. ASPINWALL'S MURILLO.

MR. ASPINWALL'S MURILLO.

THE public of New York have had the privilege, within the past few days, of admiring a great work of art by one of the most eminent of the old Spanish masters—"The Immaculate Conception," by Murillo. This painting is the property of Mr. William H. Aspinwall, a late partner in the eminent house of Howland & Aspinwall, who is now occupied in expending in Europe a portion of his fortune in the collection of a gallery of paintings.

To understand the subject, it must be known that the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, which has lately been adopted by the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church as an indispensable article of faith, was proclaimed early in the seventeenth century by the Franciscans of Seville and an influential section of the Spanish priesthood. Their idea was that the Holy Virgin, the Mother of God, was born without sin, and without share in the curse laid on Adam and his descendants. A party in the Papal Church had professed belief in this dogma ever since the thirteenth century; but at the time Murillo flourished it had not received the favor of the Papal conclave, and indeed was viewed with remarkable disfavor by many eminent Popes. The Spanish clergy were, in consequence, all the more anxious to set forth their peculiar views; and they naturally called art to their aid. Hence the great number of "Conceptions" by the chief Spanish masters, and especially by the chiefest among them—Bartolome Esteban Murillo.

He painted many Conceptions. There are several in Spain—four at Madrid, three at Seville, one at Cadiz—and others elsewhere. The Louvre contains two—one purchased by Louis the Eighteenth, the other by the present Government of France, at the sale of the Gallery belonging to the late Marshal Soult. For this last picture no less a sum than 615,300 francs (over $103,000) was paid. The picture purchased by Mr. Aspinwall belonged to the late King of Holland. At his death his Gallery was offered for sale, and all the paintings sold, save a few which the family bought in. Among these was this Murillo, for which $20,000 had been bid in vain. When Mr. Aspinwall passed through Holland, a short time since, he heard of the painting, and made an offer for it. Negotiations were opened between him and the royal family; but it seeming impossible to come to an arrangement, Mr. Aspinwall abandoned the hope of becoming possessor of the Murillo, and pursued his journey to Paris. He had been but a few days in that city, however, when he was waited upon by an emissary from Holland, who was a bearer of a message to the effect that on reflection the owners of the picture accepted his offer. Mr. Aspinwall thus became owner of this fine work of art. We are not aware of the sum he paid, but the picture is said to have been entered at the Custom-house at the value of $30,000—a larger value, probably, than is set upon any other single work of art ever brought to this country.

The leading idea of the painting is the sinlessness of the Virgin. She is represented as standing on the moon, because the Revelation speaks of the "woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet." (xii. 1.) Light, in the painting, radiates from her, to justify the expression, "clothed with the sun." The crescent shape of the moon is understood to have had reference to the prominence of the crescent in the old Moorish reminiscences of Spain. She is robed in blue and white, to agree with a tradition which declared that the Virgin had appeared in those colors to a pious Portuguese nun, named Beatrix da Silva. But the crowning idea of the work is the dignified serenity, the passionless innocence expressed in the features of the Virgin. In the language of an eminent writer, "the pure, unsexual unconsciousness of sin or shame; Heavenly beatitude past utterance; the retiring virgin loveliness of the blessed Mary, seem to have stolen so gently on her, that she is not aware of her own power and fascination. She is about fifteen years old, with those regular features which the Greek artists selected to express the serenity of the immortal gods devoid of human frailties; her attitude—

"'Her graceful arms, in meekness bending
Across her gently-budding breast.'"

It only remains to express the wish that all who care for art will avail themselves of the present time to see this fine work of art. Many persons will regret that Mr. Aspinwall did not rather spend his money on modern paintings than on those of a defunct age; but this is his concern, not the public's. Perhaps when his Gallery is completed it may be found that modern artists have not been forgotten.

Miscellany.

A CHINESE DISH.

When our party of six had seated themselves at the centre table, my attention was attracted by a covered dish—something unusual at a Chinese meal. On a certain signal the cover was removed, and presently the face of the table was covered with juvenile crabs, which made their exodus from the dish with all possible rapidity. The crablets had been thrown into a plate of vinegar just as the company sat down—such an immersion making them more brisk and lively than usual. But the sprightly sport of the infant crabs was soon checked by each guest seizing which he could, dashing it into his mouth, crushing it between his teeth, and swallowing the whole morsel without ceremony. Determined to do as the Chinese did, I tried this novelty also with one or two. I succeeded, finding the shell soft and gelatinous, for they were tiny creatures, not more than a day or two old. But I was compelled to give in to the third, which had resolved to take vengeance, and gave my lower lip a nip so sharp and severe as to make me relinquish my hold, and likewise to desist from any further experiment of this nature.—*Life in China, by the Rev. W. C. Milne.*

A NOBLE GENIUS.

In the eulogy delivered by the Rev. Dr. Guthrie, in Edinburgh, on the character of Hugh Miller, he spoke of him as possessing "that noble genius which was never desecrated to write a line or say a word but for the glory of God and the good of man." He concludes as follows:

"'It does not matter how a man dies; the matter is, how he lived.' God knows that circumstances in providence may happen to deprive me of my reason. No man has any more security for his reason than he has for his life; and circumstances may deprive me of my reason, and I may, in the whirlwind of uncontrolled and ungovernable passion, and when the helmsman has been swept away from his post, do what I would never have done in my calm and collected moments. The brightest sun may be eclipsed, the most brilliant genius may be quenched in darkness, memory may fail to remember my wife, my children, my God, the very name of my Saviour. I can not say what may happen, but I can say what will never happen. I say this will never happen—and God be thanked for it, for it is an exceeding comfort in such an hour as this—the connection between the two members of this sentence shall never be severed—'For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain;' and come death how, come death when, come death where it may, this hope still remains—to 'me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.'"

A GOOD PILL TO TAKE.

Sir Astley Cooper received, perhaps, the largest fee ever given at one time for an operation. It was upon an old gentleman named Hyatt, who was a resident in the West Indies, and when he arrived at the age of seventy, being afflicted, determined on going to England to undergo an operation. It was performed with his accustomed ability; and upon visiting him one day, when he was able to quit his bed, he observed to his surgeon that he had feed his physician, but that he had not yet remunerated his surgeon. He desired to know the amount of his debt, and Sir Astley stated, "Two hundred guineas!"

"Pooh, pooh!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "I shan't give you two hundred guineas; there, that is what I shall give you," taking off his night-cap and tossing it to Sir Astley.

"Thank you, Sir," said Sir Astley, "any thing from you is acceptable," and he put the cap into his pocket.

Upon examination it was found to contain a check for one thousand guineas.

One more anecdote must be related, as singularly illustrative of his character.

Mr. Steer consulted Sir Astley at his own residence, and having received his advice, departed without giving the usual fee. Sir Astley took no notice of this, but gave him his assistance cheerfully, under a feeling that he was a gentleman who had seen better days, but who was now in indifferent circumstances. Shortly after, however, Sir Astley received a note, acquainting him that, on going to the Stock Exchange, he found that he had some omnium, which he had disposed of, and that he had taken the liberty to put £3000 of it in his name; and finding that it had soon after risen, he took the further liberty of selling it for him, and now sent the difference, which was £63 3*s*.

Sir Astley's amount of fees far exceeds that of any member of the profession. In one year he received no less a sum than £21,000, and for many years from £15,000 upward. His patients have comprised all classes of society, and his attention was bestowed equally on the wealthy and the indigent.

SHARP PRACTICE.

A French officer, who had served in Algiers, and had formerly been employed by the Government in Constantinople, relates the following instance of the manner in which justice is frequently administered in Turkey by the inferior judges when debts are claimed by foreigners:

"A manufacturer of Carcassone arrived at Constantinople with a large investment of cloths, which, by a new process, he had rendered peculiarly fit for the Turkish market. An Armenian dealer was so pleased with the goods that he bought the whole lot, and paid by his note of hand at short date. When the note matured the merchant called upon the Turk to receive payment for the amount of the note, but his surprise may be well imagined when the Turk told him that he had already paid it, and owed him nothing.

"'But,' remonstrated the merchant, 'here is your note, which I should have given to you if you had paid it.'

"'It is of no consequence,' responded the Armenian. 'I have paid it, and can produce my witnesses to prove the payment.'

"In this dilemma the merchant felt that no resource was left but to seek the aid of the French Embassador, who, feeling the inefficiency of his own intervention, recommended him to place his case in the hands of one of his own interpreters, who understood pretty well the chicanery of the Turkish law, and was aware of the system pursued by native debtors to elude the payment of demands for which they were liable.

"When measures were prepared the merchant and his debtor appeared before the Judge, who demanded of the former his ground of complaint.

"'The payment of this note,' he replied, 'which he claims to have discharged.'

"'What do you reply to this?' asked the Judge of the debtor.

"'That I have already paid it, and that here are my witnesses.'

"Truly enough, two men advanced from the crowd, and testified circumstantially to the payment of the note, mentioning the day and hour when it took place.

"The affair seemed decided, and the consternation of the plaintiff was complete, when the interpreter, who had remained silent, thus addressed the Judge:

"'We admit the payment of the note, as stated by these worthy men; but they have failed to tell you, or perhaps did not know, that, in one hour after, we lent the money back to the defendant for his accommodation.'

"To corroborate this statement two witnesses stepped forth, and bore as full testimony as the two former had done on the opposite side. And, as the defendant was unable to rebut them, he was obliged to satisfy the demand. This is fully up to the modern practice in some more civilized lands."

FOOD AND DIGESTION.

There can be no doubt that the palate is designed to inform us what is proper for the stomach, and, of course, that must best instruct us what food to take and what to avoid: we want no other adviser. Nothing can be more clear than that those articles which are agreeable to the taste were by nature intended for our food and sustenance, whether liquid or solid, foreign or of native production. If they are pure and unadulterated, no harm can be dreaded by their use: they will only injure by abuse. Consequently, whatever the palate approves, eat and drink always in moderation, but never in excess; keeping in mind that the first process of digestion is performed in the mouth, the second in the stomach; and that, in order that the stomach may be able to do its work properly, it is requisite the first process should be well performed. This consists in masticating, or chewing the solid food, so as to break down and separate the fibres and small substances of meat and vegetables, mixing them well, and blending the whole together before they are swallowed; and it is particularly urged upon all to take plenty of time to their meals, and never eat in haste.

DOGS AND WOMEN IN ITALY.

"Are you fond of dogs?" inquires Ross Browne, author of "Yusef." "If you are, I pray your indulgence for a few reflections on the subject. Dogs are an important element in social life throughout France and Italy—as much so, in fact, as men and women. The same startling remark applies to some other parts of Europe, but not in so palpable a form. Paris is famous for three things, and upon these three depends its very existence; without them, it would no longer be Paris: I mean politicians, puppet-shows, and lap-dogs. The last are not by any means the least in importance. In some respects they are more important than the human species: they form a safety-valve for the affections; they are sincerely worshiped by both sexes; they occupy a more exalted sphere in the social circle than women, because a Frenchman is always in earnest when he loves his dog; they are more respected than men, because a woman is never unfaithful to her beloved dog; she appreciates constancy, and loves even a lap-dog accordingly. In Florence it is much the same thing. The amount of affection bestowed upon the canine species is beyond calculation. As society is organized it is very natural that it should be so. No young lady of any pretensions to gentility can purchase a husband under five hundred scudi. However beautiful or virtuous she may be, it is useless for her to think of getting married without a wedding portion of five hundred scudi. An indifferent husband may be obtained for three hundred; but he is always a bad bargain even at that. Any man who would marry a girl without 'the tin' would be considered a simpleton. Such cases are rare—not that simpletons are rare, but an Italian is seldom so simple as to marry without a satisfactory equivalent for the loss of time in making the contract and the sacrifice of an evening at home perhaps once a week. To love a woman with any idea of marrying her on that account is ridiculous. She may be all his fancy painted her; she may be lovely, yea divine, but if she be deficient in scudi the case is hopeless on her side. A very romantic case was related to me the other day by a Florentine lady. Two sisters were left with a marriage portion each of six hundred scudi. It was all they had to depend upon besides their own industry. One had a lover, a gentleman of high standing, who was a miracle of devotion; he was impatient, tragic, and intense. Love was to his impassioned soul not as with others, a mere part of its existence, but the whole—the very life-breath of his heart. Well, as he was on the eve of having his hopes of happiness realized, another lady, with a larger marriage portion, bid for him. He immediately knocked himself down to her, and said to the other, 'Dearest, I can't marry you. I love you with unabated ardor, but marriage is out of the question. I am offered more by another lady; and, of course, loving me as you do, and having my interests at heart, you will be gratified to learn that I have accepted the offer, and intend to be married immediately.'

"The young lady was in great despair, as may be supposed. Her lover was married, and there was an end to all her hopes. Some time after her sister received the addresses of a gentleman, who was equally intense and devoted in his love. At length, impatient to have the nuptial knot tied, he sent his lawyer to demand what amount of funds she had. 'Six hundred scudi,' was the answer. 'That won't do,' said he; so he called upon the young lady and said: 'Dearest, you know I love you, but I can't possibly marry you on six hundred scudi. It is too small a sum altogether—much below what a gentleman of my standing in society has a right to expect.' She wept, of course, and declared that it was impossible to live without him. Her sister, observing her unhappy condition, observed to her: 'Since the only man I ever loved or can love is married, and since it is impossible that I can ever again be happy, I give you my portion. It is better one of us should be married than neither.' The ardent lover was soon informed of this. It was not quite enough yet; but, inasmuch as she was pretty and seemed to have a just appreciation of his merits, he would marry her; and the marriage contract was accordingly duly signed and carried into effect. The single sister is now an old maid, and lives upon the scanty earnings of her needle. Many other cases of a similar kind have been related to me, showing a very curious state of things in social life. Now, since it rarely happens that an Italian lady can marry the object of her affections, and since it is equally impossible for a gentleman to continue loving where there is a lack of scudi, there must be an intermediate class of beings to receive the outpourings of the heart. Ladies must love something, dear souls! so they love their lap-dogs. I have seen beautiful girls of eighteen hug, and kiss, and fondle these abominable little brutes till it made me perfectly nervous. But this is nothing to the displays of affection made by the other sex. Sitting in a café, I sometimes see two or three bearded men kiss one another, while half a dozen are engaged in kissing their lap-dogs. I know a gentleman who amuses himself by placing a small dog on his plate and trying to swallow its head, and another who had a fight the other day in consequence of having jokingly observed to an acquaintance that his dog was an ugly specimen. There are lap-dogs of all grades in Florence. Those of the nobility are sent out in handsome carriages, attended by footmen, to take the fresh air on the Casine; curs in the ordinary ranks of life are attended by exquisites on the public promenades, who hold them by a small silk or silver chain. Ladies are infatuated about their dogs, and can go no distance without them. They seem to be the source of pride—I might say the great point of honor—with both sexes. Touch a lap-dog, save in the way of jest, and you are a ruined man; all other insults may be forgiven, but this is an unpardonable offense.

"From dogs to sausages—it is not a very wide jump. When in Bologna—that city being chiefly known to me through its sausages—I took some pains to inform myself respecting the history of sausages as a branch of its fine arts; but all I could find on the subject was, that there once existed in Bologna a peculiar race of dogs, called Bolognini, which were fed and cherished with great care some time in the Middle Ages, since which period they have gradually become extinct. The sausages, however, are excellent."

MEN OF BUSINESS.

Rare almost as great poets—rarer, perhaps, than veritable saints and martyrs—are consummate men of business. A man, to be excellent in this way, must not only be variously gifted, but his gifts should be nicely proportioned to one another. He must have, in a high degree, that virtue which men have always found the least pleasant of virtues—prudence. His prudence, however, will not be merely of a cautious and quiescent order, but that which, being ever actively engaged, is more fitly called discretion than prudence. Such a man must have an almost ignominious love of details, blended (and this is a rare combination) with a high power of imagination, enabling him to look along extended lines of possible action, and put these details in their right places. He requires a great knowledge of character, with that exquisite tact which feels unerringly the right moment when to act. A discreet rapidity must pervade all the movements of his thought and action. He must be singularly free from vanity, and is generally found to be an enthusiast, who has the art to conceal his enthusiasm.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Conscience.—Mostly used by us in judging the actions of others.

All is vanity! I saw a dustman stop the other day to have his coat brushed!

Next to that of umbrellas, the ownership of books is perhaps the least respected. Hence the philosophical though rude remark, that fools lend books, and wise men borrow them.

The value of a "good thing" depends on him who utters it. The joke of the host is certain to be laughed at; that of the poor relation is scarcely ever listened to.

My son, if thou wilt wear tight boots, there are three bad things thou wilt inevitably suffer; namely, a bad corn, a bad gait, and a bad temper.

It is the last air on the hurdy-gurdy that gets the player's head broken.

Once upon a time, an elderly Scotchwoman gave her grandson the newspaper to read, telling him to read it aloud. The only reading aloud the boy had been much in the way of hearing was at the parish kirk, and he began to read in the exact tone in which he had so often heard the minister read. The good lady was shocked at the boy's profanity, and, giving him a box on the ear, exclaimed—"What! dost thou read the newspaper with the Bible twang?" Oh that Bible twang; surely the arch-enemy must have invented it as the thing wherewith to thin off the number of church-goers, or to send those to sleep who go.

A young lady being told that her lover was suddenly killed, exclaimed: "Oh, that splendid gold watch of his! give me that—give me something to remember him by!"

The following notice appears on a country meeting-house: "Any person sticking bills against this church will be prosecuted according to law or any other nuisance."

Two negro women bring fruit to Petersburg (Virginia) market. One is a tall, powerfully-built negress with a stentorian voice; the other, always her companion, is a thin, diminutive creature. The big one roars out, with a peculiar intonation dwelling on the first syllable, "*Huckelberries!*" the other, as if perfectly satisfied that all the world has heard the announcement, after a moment's pause meekly chirps, "Me too!"

"Ma, here's a word in the paper I want to know. What is homicide?" "A homicide, child, is one who murders another." "Well, ma, when Jack Nebb killed our Tom cat that was a Tommycide, wasn't it?"

"Snox," said a Dutchman, "you may say what you please 'bout bad neighbors; I had te vorst neighbors as never was. Mine pigs and mine hens come home mit dere ears split, and todder day two of dem come home missing."

Dr. Ray, Superintendent of the Butler Hospital for the Insane, in his report says, "A hearty laugh is more desirable for mental health than any exercise of the reasoning faculties."

"What makes the milk so warm?" said Betty to the milkman, when he brought his pail to the door one morning. "Please, mum, the pump handle's broke, and missus took the water from the biler."

The man that ran the fork of a road into his eye has since died.

Dining "a la squirt," is a French idea. In Paris, at cheap restaurants, the tin soup basins for the guests are nailed to the table. From the caldron, in which the stock is seething, the attendant Leonoras draw up the liquid in huge syringes, from which they drive it into the guest's basin. He is then expected to pay for the whole of his dinner; if he exhibit any reluctance, the handmaid sucks up the whole of his soup, by drawing it into her syringe again. The "damage" is nine sous!

The man who lost his eyesight by injuries from a *fall*, was restored by the removal of the *cataract*.

Fun should be cultivated as a fine art, for it is altogether a fine thing. Who ever knew a "funny man" to be a bad one? On the contrary, is not he, nine times in ten, generous, humane, social, and good? To be sure he is. Fun—it is a great thing. It smooths the rough places of life, makes the disposition as sweet and rosy as a fresh maiden's kiss, scatters sunshine and flowers wherever we go, gives the world a round, jolly countenance, makes all the girls as pretty as June roses, and mankind one of the best families out. We go in for fun. The man who won't cultivate it must keep a good-sized half rod between us.

Sunday morning, a young man with his intended wife presented themselves before the altar of St. John's Church, Manchester Road, Bedford, to be made one. The service was commenced, and the minister had proceeded so far as to say, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy husband, to keep, to cherish," etc. In a moment the bride started up and rushed to the door, followed by the astonished bridegroom, who tried to induce her to return, but in vain, as she closed the whole colloquy by declaring, "I weant be bound to keep thee."

A lady inquired at one of our dry-goods stores the other day for whalebone. The gentleman in attendance produced bundle after bundle, as the fair customer successively rejected the article submitted for her inspection. The whalebone was all too short by several feet, for the purpose desired. But the clerk, not to be outdone, made another search through the store, in hope of discovering the article of the required longitude. He was unsuccessful, and "broke" his chagrin to the lady in a polite speech to the effect, "that the extraordinary expansion of the ladies causing so great a demand for long whalebones that all the big whales had been killed and used up, and there were none but little ones now in the ocean—but, madame, they'll grow!"

The people in a district in Wisconsin were represented in the last Legislature by a Mr. Gunn; but he not making noise enough, they have this year nominated a Mr. Cannon.

A lawyer in one of the Western courts lately threw a cane at another's head. The court required him to apologize for it. He did so, and replied: "While I am about it, I may as well apologize beforehand for throwing another cane at him the first chance I get."

A love-sick gentleman, who wrote sonnets, has hung himself with one of his lines.

The following appears upon the Clerk's record in Sharon: "Voted, That the March meeting be in April."

An individual advertises for sale 100 barrels of whisky, which he had procured "expressly for his own use." He intended a jolly time of it.

The mantle of Tom Hood has descended upon "John Bolivar," a contributor to the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette*. John says some dry things occasionally. In a recent article, he discourses of his first visit to New York in 1624, and proceeds to show the difference between

THEN AND NOW.

Then the butchers used to drive their own oxen up to one's door and cut off any desired part—the animal so familiar with what would seem at this day a cruel piece of business as not to mind it in the least—and so from door to door *until often a butcher would be seen driving home, hopping, nothing but a hind quarter before him!* *Now* are to be found here over a dozen markets daily crowded by boarding-house keepers and others engaged in the tough job of looking for tender-loins, and, probably, cheap deer meat. In the green department, which I knew by the blue sign which I read, are to be found all kinds of vegetables, including cabbage, a head of which I have. I couldn't find out the celery of the clerk of the market. A chap told me he was paid in potatoes and turnips, consequently his celery was raised every year.

Again:

The militia of New York I *reviewed*, that is, saw them twice, last week. They looked as if they could sweep all before them—being armed with brooms. A room mate of mine, being "in for it," turned out. He was sandwiched between a Dutch shoe-maker, to whom he owed a small bill, and a drunken Irishman that had been eating onions and insisted upon whispering in his ear a lengthened opinion of Scott's tactics.

The Metropolitan parks are not only numerous but fine. The "Union Square," which is round, stands first, in which assertion I'll be seconded by all private citizens who are acquainted with the public parks. The fountain, complimentarily so called, is a very serious water-works—it never plays. The grass plots are very pretty. Citizens are very careful in the daytime not to step on the borders. In the evening they are equally on the alert not to step on the lodgers. It's a great resort for M.P.'s about P.M. The "Central Park," at the upper end of the city, is the longest. It'll be ten years before it is finished. I've been told that the authorities leave it out all night without any fear of its being stolen. This speaks well for the morals of New York, considering how valuable real estate is.

Most all the French barbers here are Germans, who have Poles by their doors to attract customers.

An innocent young sportsman, in order to shoot a squirrel on the top of a tree, climbed another close by; and on being asked the reason of so foolish a freak, said: "That he didn't want to strain the gun by a long shot."

We have no desire to be acquainted with the bachelor who perpetrated the following:

"Nature, impartial in her ends,
When she made man the strongest,
In justice, then, to make amends,
Made woman's tongue the longest."

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Jan.* 25, 1858.

THE foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Jan. 23, 1858	$1,340,960....	$1,254,742
Corresponding week, 1857	3,545,462....	1,145,194
Decrease	$2,204,502	
Increase		$109,578

This, like the statement of last week, is a reassuring and wholesome sign. There is reason to hope that for some time to come the importations may be kept within due limits, and that, when trade revives, we may be found creditors, not debtors of the world.

Money continues to be a drug. There is no more demand for it than there was last week, or than there has been for the past month or more. Most of the Banks are using their deposits in loaning on stocks to the Wall Street operators. Money can be had on sale at 5, and on approved paper at 7 @ 8 per cent. Exchange on London rules at 108¼ @ 109¼ for 60 day bills; on Paris at 5.19 @ 5.15.

The export of specie last week fell but a trifle short of a million and a quarter; but it is expected that the income from the interior will compensate this outgo, and that the Banks will show this evening, as they showed last Monday evening, an average not less than thirty millions.

The news from Europe is very encouraging. Money has fallen to 6 per cent. in London, and a corresponding reduction has taken place in all the Continental markets. The Funds are up again, and promise to go to par, notwithstanding the not very favorable construction that is put upon the Indian news. Several mercantile failures in England and on the Continent are, however, noticed.

Our stock market has drooped during the week. There is a total absence of speculation save among the Wall Street operators. The best State Stocks, however, have an improving tendency.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, January* 25, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets during the past week have been rather quiet for Breadstuffs, which, however, did not vary much in value. The receipts were limited, especially of Grain. The demand was mainly for home use, though shippers manifested more disposition to purchase. .... Cotton opened briskly and buoyantly, but closed tamely at drooping prices....Provisions were in fair request, closing generally with an upward tendency ....Groceries were more active but less valuable. Hay was selling pretty freely at steady rates....Hemp, Hops, and Grass Seeds were moderately inquired for at old quotations. ....Tobacco was offered on somewhat easier terms, and, consequently, attracted more attention.... Wool, especially pulled, was in rather better request, at firmer prices....Spirits Turpentine was more sought after, and it advanced considerably....The regular trade in Dry Goods is still very backward, buyers moving with much reserve, yet the leading holders do not manifest any unusual desire to sell, and are not inclined to force their goods on the market. The supplies are being increased, while to the assortments daily additions are being made in antic pation of the revival of business. But the actual sales of Domestic and Foreign Fabrics have been limited, and insufficient to establish prices. An auction of about 2000 packages Domestic Cottons occurred on Friday, and was very numerously attended. The bidding was remarkably vigorous, and the whole catalogue of goods found prompt buyers, at prices ranging from ½ c. @ 1½ c. per yard, under the currency in private trade. The week's import of Dry Goods amounted to $5[illegible]9,2[illegible]5 against $2,520,961 the corresponding week in 1857. The imports since January 1 have been $2,144,633 against $7,584,697 same time in 1857....The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 25	@	$4 60
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	4 25	@	4 50
Extra Western Flour, per barrel......	4 45	@	8 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel...	4 35	@	7 00
Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel ..	4 30	@	6 00
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel ..	4 50	@	8 00
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl..	3 00	@	4 00
Corn Meal, per barrel............	3 00	@	3 50
White Wheat, per bushel............	1 10	@	1 40
Red Wheat, per bushel	1 00	@	1 20
New Crop Corn, per bushel	65	@	70
Rye, per bushel	69	@	72
Barley, per bushel..................	68	@	75
Western Oats, per bushel	45	@	46
State Oats, per bushel..............	42	@	45
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel....	36	@	40
Southern Oats, per bushel............	28	@	38
Cotton, middlings, per pound..........	10¼	@	10¾
Mess Pork, per barrel..............	14 75	@	15 00
Prime Pork, per barrel..............	11 75	@	12 00
Country Mess Beef, per barrel........	9 00	@	10 00
Country Prime Beef, per barrel........	6 00	@	7 00
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce..........	18 00	@	24 00
Beef Hams, per barrel	14 50	@	16 50
Cut Meats, per pound..............	6	@	8¼
Lard, per pound..................	8¾	@	9¼
State Butter, per pound..............	13	@	24
Western Butter, per pound	11	@	15
Cheese, per pound..................	6	@	8¼
Rice, per 100 pounds..............	2 50	@	3 50
Rio Coffee, per pound..............	8	@	10¼
Cuba Sugar, per pound	4	@	6
Cuba Molasses, per gallon..........	18	@	25
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	4¼	@	6¼
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	25	@	26
Hyson Teas, per pound	25	@	55
Oolong Teas, per pound............	30	@	50
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	21½	@	22
North River Hay, per 100 pounds	55	@	75
Hops, Crop of 1857, per pound........	5	@	10
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound........	6¼	@	18
Seed Leaf Tobacco, per pound........	9	@	35
Am. Hemp, undressed, per ton........	100 00	@	110 00
Am. Hemp, dressed, per ton	140 00	@	165 00
American Fleece Wool, per pound....	27	@	45
American pulled Wool, per pound ...	20	@	30
Pot Ashes, per 100 pounds..........	5 50	@	5 62½
Pearl Ashes, per 100 pounds	5 50	@	5 62½
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	42	@	43

Freights continued quiet, yet shipowners were getting somewhat higher rates: for Liverpool, Cotton, 3-16d. per pound; Flour, 1s. 9d. @ 2s. per barrel; Grain, 4½d. @ 5½d. per bushel; Rosin, 1s. 9d. @ 2s. per barrel; Beef, 3s. 6d. @ 4s. per tierce; and Heavy Goods, 20s. @ 25s. per ton. For other ports proportionate rates. The number of vessels in the port of New York on Saturday was 620 of all classes.

The Live Stock Markets, last week, were less freely supplied with Beeves, which advanced a shade, the inquiry having been pretty brisk....The trade in Milch Cows was quite dull. While Beef rules low, milkmen keep those Cows which they would otherwise throw into market, and replace them with fresh Cows. Of the comparatively small number sent in many are unsold. Fresh Cows are worth more in the country than here.... Veal Calves were in moderate supply and demand at steady rates....Sheep and Lambs arrived less freely and in better condition, and, as the demand was fair, prices tended upward....Swine were less abundant and in moderate request at higher quotations....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending Jan. 13.	Week ending Jan. 20.
Beeves......................	3,774	2,940
Milch Cows	217	203
Veal Calves..................	338	346
Sheep and Lambs	8,055	7,981
Swine......................	2,598	1,557

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Ohio................	680	Virginia	67
New York..........	675	Missouri	60
Illinois............	282	Michigan	51
Kentucky..........	157	Pennsylvania	21
Indiana............	155		

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound ..	$0 6	@	$0 11
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head.	20 00	@	60 00
Veal Calves, per pound	5	@	7
Sheep and Lambs, per head..........	3 00	@	14 00
" " per pound.........	7	@	11
Live Swine, per pound..............	4¼	@	5¼
Dressed " "	5¼	@	6½

The Country Produce Markets were amply supplied with produce, and as the fine weather continued to influence the demand, which was moderate, prices exhibited no remarkable changes.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel..................	$2 50	@	$5 00
Apples, dried, per pound..............	6¼	@	7½
Peaches, dried, per pound	17	@	20
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	1 87	@	2 00
Chestnuts, per bushel	2 00	@	—
Peanuts, per bushel	70	@	1 00
Cranberries, per barrel..............	7 00	@	11 00
Potatoes, per barrel..................	1 75	@	3 75
" per bushel......................	85	@	90
" sweet, per barrel..............	5 00	@	5 50
Onions, per barrel	1 50	@	3 00
Turnips, per barrel..................	37½	@	50
Squashes, per barrel	2 25	@	2 50
Pumpkins, per 100	25 00	@	30 00
Beets, per barrel	1 12½	@	1 25
Cabbages, per 100	2 00	@	4 00
" Red, per dozen	75	@	1 12
Parsnips, per barrel	1 25	@	1 50
Carrots, per barrel..................	—	@	1.50
Leeks, per 100......................	2 50	@	3 00
Celery, per dozen	50	@	75
Garlic, per 100	5 50	@	6 50
Eggs, Limed, per dozen..............	12½	@	13
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	14	@	16½
Chickens, per pound..................	8	@	12
Fowls, per pound....................	7	@	11
Guinea Fowl, per pair................	44	@	50
Ducks, per pound	12	@	16
" per pair	62½	@	1 00
Turkeys, per pound..................	10	@	14
Geese, per pound....................	7	@	11
Pigeons, per dozen	1 75	@	2 50
Prairie Hens, per pair................	75	@	87½
Partridge, per pair	60	@	75
Roasting Pigs........................	1 00	@	2 00
Rabbits, per pair	25	@	—
Hares, per pair	31	@	38
Squirrels, each	2	@	4
Venison, per pound	6	@	12
Bear Meat, per pound	12	@	16

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